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CALLED to the COLORS and OTHER STORIES

Mason, Caroline

CHRISTIAN WOMEN'S PEACE MOVEMENT
WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

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FOREWORD

THERE are many stories of war, but few with the peace motive. War offers plot, intrigue, color, excitement. Peace is supposedly colorless, undramatic, without thrills; it lends itself rather to essay, sermon or poem. Has the peace motive, then, no place in romance? Without apology we call your attention to this group of stories by several authors who have chosen Peace as their theme. The title of the book, "Called to the Colors," is taken from the first story, written for this volume by Caroline Atwater Mason. "The Iron Cross" by James Church Alvord, won the prize offered by the Christian Women's Peace Movement, June, 1915. It forms a powerful climax to the series. The book bears the Christmas message, the keynote of every story being Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

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Called to the Colors

Being the Love Letters of Miss Cornelia Levering

By Caroline Atwater Mason

FROM DR. DENNIS LOWRIE TO MISS CORNELIA LEVERING

St. Louis, June 3, 1914.

IT is altogether gracious and beautiful of you to prefer the simple wedding, *sans* frills and to agree to the early October date. This will leave us a fortnight of quiet in which to know ourselves and our blessedness before the last sailing which I now find is set for October twenty-first. Shall we go to the mountains or the sea? It is for you to decide. I think I shall hardly know which it is . . . .

It is a year this very week since I grappled mortally, so to speak, with the question of the foreign medical work. It was a pretty tough week, believe me, for I did not know you then (fancy the blank!) and there was his dear old Nibs to disappoint, and several other

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things to forego which are neither here nor there. To tell the truth, I don't think I was ever in love with my new job until I met you, my Columba. It was a matter of rather grim, bare bones of duty, with precious little joy, until you shed upon it the light of your soul and transfigured everything . . . . I think Uncle Dennis could stand it better if it were not for this everlasting letterhead and the severely elegant sign on the house front, "Dennis McDermott, M. D., Dennis McDermott Lowrie, M. D." Not exactly effusive or romantic, that legend, but a whole family history is compressed there, plus the grand old boy's "cherished hopes" as they say in the Woman's Page stories. He is game though,—has never breathed a syllable of protest since he met you at Easter. He is, in fact, terribly religious in his own way,—keeping still is part of it.

I am hard at the history of missions and the Bible work, but still keep office hours. Do you know a fifth-century worthy named Severinus? If not, it is required that you make his acquaintance on the spot. Merivale

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is good on him. I should like to write him up in an epic poem, if poetry were my trade, for really he is a tremendously heroic figure, picturesque and dramatic to the last degree, a bare-footed hermit,—all that sort of thing. He appeared at the time of the Gothic invasions, just before Rome fell. When civilization and Christianity were crashing to pieces together Severinus stemmed the tide in Noricum,—in modern geography the country around Vienna. Europe was held by him and his fellow-workers for Christianity against the overwhelming flood of barbarism and brutality which poured down from the North, for it was by means of their prodigious efforts that the Goths were evangelized on their way to Rome and that the best features of Roman civilization were carried over to the modern world. What an achievement! And probably poor old John Baptist Severinus never had a notion of the size of it himself.

All of which is of less consequence to me at the present moment than that you are a Dove —Columba—for so I have re-named you, and that you are mine. . . . Ask my

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sister Ruth if Columba does not suit you miraculously!

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, June 8, 1914.

. . . . So I am re-named Columba? Is it because you do not like Cornelia, and think anything which begins with *Co* and ends with *a* would be a good substitute? Ruth is not enthusiastic, says it is quite enough for me to change my last name!

You are rather vainglorious over your early missionary learning, but I judge you have not got to the Celtic saints yet, or you would have known that Columba is a man's name, an Irishman's at that. Strange that so Irish as you are, you should not have met Columba. Why am I to be thus re-named? Do you dislike the name chosen by my parents?

I am ridiculously happy because I am at work hemming napkins for *our* table. To you that probably sounds prosaic; to me it is celestial—every stitch a small separate glee. I did not know about being so happy as this.

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Do you suppose everybody is? I mean at this point in experience.

I know—feel through and through—what you must have suffered a year ago this early June, just before we met at Northfield. It is all summed up in Emerson's

> "So close is glory to our dust,—
> So near is God to man,—
> When Duty whispers low, *'Thou must,'*
> The youth replies, *'I can.'* "

But my heart aches for Dr. McDermott.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, June 14, 1914.

You are Columba because you are dove-like, and because you have given me peace. Also, you have a voice which soothes and brings repose, like that of the ringdove. Did you ever see or hear one? I think they are not common with us. I have seen them in aviaries only. They are neat, exquisite, rather elegant of shape you know, in softest rosy grey plumage, with a white ring around

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their necks. When I call you Columba, I mean the ringdove, not the Celtic missionary. If his parents chose to give him a feminine Latin name that was their affair, not mine. More likely he chose it himself, anyway he made it a glorious name, a name to stir the heart of every man with a drop of Celtic blood in his veins; *en passant*, not quite a new name to me.

Of course, I do not dislike Cornelia. It is perhaps a little over-Gracchic for my taste, but in New England I know it stands for all that parents wish for their daughters,—virtue, dignity, grace. All these are present, and I worship them in you, but I love more tenderly that ringdove side of you. Will you wear, not the inevitable white wedding gown, but one made of rosy-grey silk which does not rustle, with something soft and white around your throat? Tell me that you consent to my calling you Columba.

You are generous to quote the Emerson in the connection you do. The strange part of it is that I could say "I can," being no longer

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the "Youth." At eighteen to throw away all that you have trained for and plunge into the unknown on a religious impluse is wholly to be expected. At twenty-eight one hardly does it, especially when nurtured upon a truly Presbyterian reverence for the *status quo*. I think the very inner core of my conviction comes from the sense that life and religion in this country today are made too *dead easy*. War, thank Heaven, is becoming a thing of the past among really civilized people—the Balkans don't quite interfere with my saying that — and the great thing now is to capture all the stern, sacrificial severities which ever in any way redeemed war, and infuse them into the Christian enterprise.

A minister named Fiske said this the other day and I like it—"What shames us, what humiliates Christ, what makes anti-Christian cults grow apace, is that we have allowed our religion to become so poor and shrunken a thing, so comfortable and conventional, so mean and unheroic; there has been in it so little of the splendid self-sacrifice of the Son

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of God Who goes forth to war, and waits for us to follow in His train."

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, July 4, 1914.

Doctor Dennis Senior's Spartan restraint begins to crumble. He addressed me this morning in good set terms regarding my going to India as medical missionary. He considers it not the part of a good American;—educated men, etc., etc., are needed here. It is not too late to re-consider; seldom has a fellow such an opportunity and much more to the same effect. Of course, I had the pain of paining him—a bad quarter of an hour, to say the least.

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, July 10, 1914.

This effort of your Uncle's to make you reconsider and remain with him, with all the promise of prosperity and influence which the position holds, must have been hard to withstand, apart wholly from the distress of dis-

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appointing him. Still, of course, there was no other way. But I am sorry you had to have another tussle.

I accept Columba. Here is a scrap of grey silk which does not rustle. Does it strike your color note? Believe me, rosy grey does not abound on silk counters, however, it may prevail in ringdove circles. White for the throat is supplied by an heirloom of loveliest old lace.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, July 16, 1914.

For the first time Columba makes a mistake—Columba the perfect one! No, there was no tussle about it. Those things which once I did count dear, no longer enter into the running. It is good to put some things behind for good and all, isn't it? Doubt—I used to think the last enemy to be destroyed for me—shows his face no more.

I spoke slightingly of the Balkans the other day. They begin to take on a certain sinister importance. What is Austria getting ready

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to do, I wonder. I do not like the clouds that lie along the horizon.

But I do like your scrap of dove plumage. Like it! It is adorable. Oh, that October were not so far away!

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, August 3, 1914.

I have not written since Servia sent her answer to Austria. What could have been done more? And yet already—between night and morning it seems—all Europe is preparing for war. Dennis, how can it be? Was there no other way? These are Christian nations which are gathering their strength to destroy each other murderously. What does Christianity mean? I am confused, stupefied almost, for I can see no just cause. You are wiser than I. You understand political necessities and know historic precedents better. Explain it to me.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, August 30, 1914.

Columba, it is nearly a month since you

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asked me to "explain" the chaos in Christian Europe,—"the unspeakable crime of the ages." You said I was wiser than you. At least I have been wise enough not to attempt to do what you asked, often as I have written you since. Thank you for not asking it the second time. For I, despite alleged wisdom, see no meaning anywhere. Blind, primitive forces of evil have been let loose in the world. Humanity is seen, below its skin-deep civilization, to have got no farther in the capitals of Europe today than in—Ancient Nineveh. Honor and faith between nations die the death. Selfishness—crude and raw; treachery—black as a pirate's flag; hatred—steeped in gall and wormwood; revenge—cruel as the grave, are steering the ships of state into mortal collision and wreck.

The poisonous fumes fill the whole world. What advantages it me, for instance, to have fought with beasts at Ephesus,—to paraphrase Paul,—if this is the climax of Christian civilization! Two thousand years of Christianity for Europe—and this the issue!

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FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, Sept. 7, 1914.

Poor Paris forsaken of the Government. Alas and alas! Must France once more drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs?

Dennis dear, this hurts, I need not say how sharply, but, forgive me if I say, we must learn to bear the pain hardily, and not lose heart and hope. Your last three letters are almost despairing. Despair is barren, bitter—it may make one act desperately, but not nobly. Let us forbid it our house.

It is not like you to say, as you do in this last letter: "Two thousand years of Christianity for Europe, and this the issue!" This is *not* the issue of Christianity. I think it is wrong to say it,—too soon to talk of issues. Get rid of Doubt, give no place to it,—your old enemy!

Think of what is to happen a month from today. Let us be little enough to think of our own great joy, even in the midst of the world's sorrow. Surely, joy shall prevail everywhere in the end, God being in his heaven.

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Six weeks from now you and I, no longer two, but wholly one, will, please God, be setting sail on our own adventure of peace and good will. Is it not something that still ships sail on such errands?

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 9, 1914.

I can write only a line Columba, tonight. I have much to do, and—truth to tell, little to say.

You think me wrong in what I have written you in these few weeks past, because the war overwhelms my very soul. Yes, I am wrong my dearest, if it is wrong to look truth squarely in the face. Perhaps to you my attitude seems that of a weakling, but, believe me, it takes all a man's nerve to face facts which mean downfall to his most sacred hopes and most solemn pledges. You say,—"Give no place to Doubt." An old verse rings continually in my ears—

"In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt—"

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Doubt is Purgatorio; certainty, Inferno. Good night.

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, Sept. 12, 1914.

To speak of downfall to your most sacred hopes and most solemn pledges is a very strong expression. I fear I do not understand you, but if one's hopes and pledges have not been based upon the truth, it is better to let them go down, and build again on a sure foundation, is it not?

But Dennis dear, I do not look at your present experience as your permanent attitude towards hopes and pledges or anything else, divine or human. It is the Celt in you which for the time is to the fore. It is your temperament to feel more poignantly, to react more sharply, than men of cold or phlegmatic nature. Do not be in too great haste to adopt a platform, so to speak, on God's purposes in the war. He may have several things on His mind about which He has not consulted us. Columba.

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TELEGRAM FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 14.

The Celt being on top just now, I will send wires for a time instead of letters. Fewer words the better from Inferno.

NIGHT LETTER FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 15.

Image haunts me of the time-honored Man of Macedonia calling, "Come over and help us," and a Man of Missouri appointed to help calling back, "There is no help." I shall pull out of this probably. If I do, it will be by reason of Columba's letters.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 21, 1914.

Two weeks since I have written you a letter, my own Love; Forgive me if my wires have told you more than was easy for you to know of the depths in which I have struggled for foothold anywhere. . . . The chaos

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in the world seems miniatured in the chaos of my mind—of my life, as it looks today. If I had not been brought up to worship honesty, I could smoothe things out in facile fashion and go on, but that I cannot. The core of all my pain is that it involves you—you who are holy, harmless, undefiled and whose faith still holds.

This morning is the darkest of my life. The spoliation of Rheims cathedral has come like a very crack of doom, in symbol. You did not go to Rheims. It is Chartres you love; I remember the little photograph above your desk.

Well, Rheims has stood for me as the meeting place of the immemorial human at its best, and the hardly invisible divine at its tenderest. I have loved it with a rather inexplicable but, I think, truly religious passion. And now the meeting place is destroyed, crumbled to meaningless rubbish under the savage fury of a people called Christian.

With this, all dreams dissolve for me,—our life seems to declare itself a sordid physical thing, unlighted from above.

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In your letter of the twelfth, which I have never answered because I could not, you say that a man's hopes and pledges would better crumble to dust than not, if they are not built upon truth. Mine have been built upon the implicit faith in the power of Christ to transform the hearts of men. This was my motive power. If it had been otherwise should I have thrown overboard the hopes centered in me by others, my own tastes, plans, outlook upon life, to go to India? I prefer the practice of medicine *per se*, in this country.

Is it only because I have a strain of Irish blood that I suffer at the present reversal? Oh, my girl, this goes deeper than temperament. I acknowledge—I dare to say it—what Christian men around me do not acknowledge because they do not think or do not dare—that the sublime hope and promise of the Kingdom has slowly decayed through the centuries in spite of apparent progress and now fallen to the ground. What hope then remains for the race? The brutalities of applied science? . . . Or look we still for another revelation from above?

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NIGHT LETTER FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, Sept. 24.

Just what am I to understand? If you have no message you can have no reason to choose India, indeed, no right under all the circumstances to go as planned. But this would not be tragic, simply difficult. Let us meet it simply, quietly, frankly. The present moment is not forever. Columba.

TELEGRAM FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 25.

I have no message. Am sending special letter.

SPECIAL LETTER FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 25, 1914.

Dearest-on-earth Columba:

You do not need from me further confession of unfaith. I have said enough. I have no message. How could I in honor promise to

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heathen folk peace through the religion of Christ, since it has proved itself after nineteen centuries of trial, to be powerless for peace, incapable of subduing the brute in man?

Your lettergram was like yourself, wise, sane, gentle. We are at one. Of course, I cannot go to India, but equally of course, I dare to believe, you will not throw me over. I will not let the spectre of a doubt of that flit across my mind. October seventh brings *me*, at least, peace, brings me my Columba. I am through for the present with the affairs of the nations and address myself soberly and sensibly to things private and personal.

And though there is confusion and dislocation, it is not beyond repair. As you say, the present moment is not forever. My work here remains mine, and one man who loves me will think himself the gainer. You and I, none the less because of this grievous thwarting of our purposes, can give our lives for the good of humanity, can work together in our own country with good will to lift up, to comfort and to heal. The sweet old images and phrases which our fathers loved will still

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be dear to us, even though certain ideals, overgreat for human material to absorb, must be renounced.

I know how deep and strong your own missionary conviction has been, so much older, so much nobler than my own and it grinds me to powder to thwart and baffle it. And yet . . . we are one and stand or fall together. Is it not so?

I have written the Board that for private and personal reasons I must withdraw from the number of missionaries sailing October twenty-first. Naturally, I spoke only for myself, our engagement being unknown outside our own circle. I had no right, anyway, to speak for you and you are left to cancel your own appointment, made so much earlier than mine.

Columba dearest, forgive me if you can for bringing upon you so grievous a defeat. Do with me as you will. How well I know that I am not worth the sacrifice of such a life as yours, vowed to God. Only,—if you do not forbid,—in just ten days I shall be with you and the twelfth day from today you will

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wear the colors of peace for me, dove grey and white. For surely *Amor vincit omnia!*

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DOCTOR LOWRIE

Newburyport, Sept. 27, 1914.

Dennis, still Dearest:

This is the hardest thing I have ever had to do. You know already what it is.

But I promised Him myself, before I promised you, dear, before I knew you. I cannot take my promise back.

There is nothing for me to do but go, for what could be more ignoble than to wait for a man's spiritual processes to adjust themselves according to my desire.

Do not come the fifth. There would be nothing to come for, for I shall sail on the twenty-first. You need have no anxiety for me, the Grahams will be kind companions all the way to Lahore.

Oh, why should we have to hurt each other like this? But Dennis, as you reverence my faith, I reverence your un-faith—the honesty, yes, the heroism of it. For I know how you

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care for me. Nothing can change that knowledge, although I leave you free, wholly free and without blame. Columba.

NIGHT LETTER FROM MISS RUTH LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, Sept. 28.

Forgive my meddling. Having a heart I must. Can't you two persuade each other to something? Can't you find a way out of this *impasse?* Cornie meets it like a thoroughbred, is perfectly quiet. But it would have broken your heart to see her face yesterday when she put away the little grey silk gown with things to leave behind. It did mine. Don't let her know I wired.

TELEGRAM FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

St. Louis, Sept. 29.

Expect me tomorrow. See you I must.

* * * * * *

LETTER FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Newburyport, Oct. 19, 1914.

I am afraid you are staying on in Boston

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with the idea of seeing me off at the steamer on Wednesday. I beg of you do not do this, for I am too tired now. I cannot go through with that strain. Pity me Dennis, and stay away, for I have very much beside that is hard. And what can we say more, either of us?

I agree that we do not break our plighted troth. It is easier for me to leave it that way, although I suspect my heart of more than a little cowardice. In a sense we still belong to each other, and yet it is my wish that you count yourself free.

For me I shall from now on be another person—not Columba any more, not even the old Cornelia, but a conscientious youngish missionary, bent on learning many things set her to master. They say the language is very difficult. Do not expect me to write often.

This is Goodbye. Remember, if you could have changed for my sake I could not have so truly loved you. Now, grievous though our trouble, I believe neither has seen the other's best self suffer decline.

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God bless you—C.
P. S. Give my love to Dr. McDermott.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

Boston, Oct. 20, 1914.

I obey you, my Heart's Heart. I send this to you to your ship which sails without me. But be very sure, though you fly to the earth's ends, you are mine still and I am yours now and forever more. You cannot drift beyond His love and care, nor beyond mine.

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Paris, November 1.

This week in Paris is a strange experience. I think for the first time I believe in war as a physical fact. I used to accept it theoretically, but in the bottom of my consciousness I denied it. I can never do that again.

I have just come up to my little chamber in the pension. Its window is on the west and there is so much red glow in the sky that I can see to write. Heaven's lights still

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shine! I spent the hour just past in Notre Dame, alone, although many women were there beside me. They were in black, and prayed and cried very quietly in lonely, scattered places. I cried as hard as I could cry, for them, for France, for you and me.

Through tears I kept looking at the red light of a bronze lamp hanging by chains above the altar of the small chapel where I knelt. It was very dark and the whole place seemed most sorrowful. But Dennis, as I saw that light, which never is suffered to go out while the memorial of Christ rests on the altar, I slowly awoke to myself and to the meaning of things for you and me.

I have been so dazed, so dull, so powerless to help you, to meet your arguments or even try to solve your difficulties. I only knew *I* believed, that my promise was given and that so I must come away. I am not any wiser now, only I see clearly that what I and all Christians have to do in this crisis is to keep the light burning perpetually, the light of Christ, until the day dawn and the shadows flee away. It may be a very little and

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humble labor hardly noticed in the wreck of the nations, but *the light must not go out.*

Do you remember what you wrote me long ago of Severinus? I have your letters in my trunk right here. . . . Two roses of the hundred you sent to the ship are tied with them. This is what you said—it was last June, the third:

"He appeared at the time of the Gothic invasions just before Rome fell. When civilization and Christianity were crashing to pieces together Severinus stemmed the tide . . . Europe was held by him and his fellow-workers for Christianity against the overwhelming flood of barbarism and brutality which poured down from the North. It was really his doing that the Goths were won in the first instance for the religion of Christ, and that the best features of Roman civilization were carried over to the modern world."

"What an achievement!" you added. This is the part, to my thinking, of the Church today, in every land, those that are afar off and those that are nigh, for Christianity must not go down in the general crash. The light

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must be kept burning and handed on to the next world epoch. The task may seem insignificant to those to whom it is committed, as the work of Severinus may have seemed small to himself, but it *must be done.* I have a sense of comfort and release tonight which I have not known before in all these dreadful weeks. I can work hard if I know for what I am working. Let us both be practical, matter-of-fact. It is truly a pleasure to me to think of you and Dr. McDermott working on together in the way that suited you both so well.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

London, Dec. 1, 1914.

Of course, this heading surprises you. The day after you sailed, I was back at the old stand and for three weeks I stuck to business and said nothing. The Doctor let me vigorously alone. Then about the middle of November one day he said to me (I remember the machine was whirring in front of the office, he had on a heavy overcoat because it snowed

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a bit, and his instrument case was in his hand), "Go 'long old boy! I don't want you here any longer. You're no use to me with that face on you. Try your luck on the other side if you like."

He spoke, as he does sometimes when he is stirred up, with a real Irish brogue and a bit roughly and never waited for me to answer. But I knew it was all settled for me and Heaven knows I was glad to be off, and put one sea less between you and me.

There was a little letter-writing then to get me a chance on an ambulance corps around Paris and then to book me for crossing. This done I set sail, my dear, not so long after your sweet self, and have been here a day already looking around while I wait for orders.

Never a word have I heard from you since you went out of my sight. I have no notion where you are, but slipping out of reach as fast as you may, no doubt.

I get along better with the ache in my heart here where all is strange and the scent and stir of war in the air with their strange, primitive excitement. But the incredible confusion of

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the whole thing, from the religious side, smites amain. The last New York papers I had gave us the Kaiser commending his armies to the exclusive care of his tribal god, and here in the service I attended today at St. Paul's a sonorous Bishop intoned, "Let God arise! Let His enemies be scattered!—" no room being left for doubt as to the nationality of the Lord's enemies. It is to laugh were it less tragic.

I would to God, my Columba, that we this day stood before the Christian Era, not nineteen centuries after it.

In Field Hospital near Soissons,

January 1, 1915.

The New Year is herewith dedicated to thee, Saint Columba. I wish that it were a year of a better sort than promises.

Such a glorious New Year's gift—even your letter of November first, written in Paris and sent to me at St. Louis, naturally. It has trailed around America and Europe after me these two months—months in which I have

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starved for a single word. And now here is richness, a banquet of delight. Here is poured out from the crystal of Columba's mind, for my refreshment, poetry, religion, history, Christian doctrine, exhortation, prayer, and praise. Also—I dare to read between the lines—something of sheer human love undisciplined, domineering.

That is well dearest, for you must not grow your saintship too fast, since if you do how ever can your wild, impetuous lover catch up with you? And it is for this he lives.

Very beautiful is your symbol of the perpetual altar light, and I love the way you turn old Severinus and make him train his guns on me,—me to whom you owe it that you so much as know there was a Severinus! You see I am not to be easily overawed by all your poetry, your learning, your intuition. Neither Columba, and least of all, am I of a mind to resort to weapons of controversy to oppose what is so infinitely above my head—the religion of a woman like you. For it is divine, that, if all else fails. It is, in fact, at

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the present moment the anchor which alone holds my soul.

I have not got to work much yet, but the sound of artillery warns us that work will be plenty in a day or two. Do I dream it?—you, alone, in some strange Oriental setting; I, alone, in France, with sound of battle in my ears! and October far in our wake.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

In Field Hospital west of Arras,
February 4, 1915.

I have word from you at last in Lahore. It is relief beyond telling to know you safe, settled, among good friends, with human-like surroundings. Write me a little oftener than you can. It is missionary labor, for I need to keep touch with sanity, decency, humanity.

I do not want to harrow you with even a faint presentment of the scenes amid which we live. We are in the thick of the thing now—just the grim business of amputating, etc., by the wholesale. It chills one's very soul to see fine, clean-limbed lads, who should

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still be at their books, splintered like kindling wood, and ever more and more sent to fill their places and find fresh graves or worse.

I have looked war at last straight in the face and know it by sight. I can never be fooled by any of the glory nonsense again. The cloven foot cannot be hid; treachery, brutality, ferocity, are indispensables. Yes, war is the reverting to the brute, that is all. The subtleties of science now applied to it make it more than ever the Devil's own. Rulers, heads of staffs, dealers in war stuff, supply the motive, keeping their hands unsoiled with blood, but the motive of the aggressors in any war is always the ruthless clutching of selfish gain. Tricked out in what men call statesmanship and diplomacy theirs is no whit less inhuman than the work of the poor chaps in the ranks who do the actual butchery. Those nations which sincerely fight in self-defense only, are not in motive equally vicious, but in action all are alike.

And Christ came, you will say, to bring peace on earth, good will to men! His mission then was unavailing. You could not deny

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it if you stood where I stand today and saw Hell on earth, and to men despair, hatred, death, vengeance.

I am doing what I vowed not to do. Instead let me now introduce you to the finest young Frenchman I ever set eyes on, Dr. Jean Moreau. He belongs to the famous Huguenot family of theologians, teachers and pastors,—you have heard of them. We mess together, work together and are becoming excessively intimate. His father and mother live in Paris and must be altogether admirable persons. We may take a week-end off and visit them if the death mill slows down by and bye.

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Lahore, North India,
April 2, 1915.

I have had two letters from you since I wrote last, and of terrible interest they are. Let us not argue on our points of difference,—events now are too great for any mortal mind to master. They are unintelligible to us, who

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are near them, but seen in perspective I am sure they will have a meaning.

Dr. Moreau must be a joy and you can guess what it is of solace to my heart to know that you have a friend beside you, and a friend so congenial, with such intimate, like-folks belongings as a home, a father, a mother. There will be some seeds of ordered life left for re-planting when the war is over, sad and stripped though it all must be.

In one of your letters you write of feeling sorry for me that I am beginning my Christian work among a heathen people at just this point in history. You fancy me embarrassed before a continual challenge of the heathen mind,—*Where is now thy God?* in view of the Christian nations conspicuously proving Christianity not to be a workable or working force.

My dear Dennis, you have no idea how much common sense there is in the Hindu make-up, —more I sometimes think than in the Yankee! (No dig intended.) They have lived longer then we on this goodly frame, the earth, and they seem to have acquired a profounder knowledge of human nature, and a faculty for

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endless waiting, a patience which often seems to me pathetic, sometimes, I admit, irritating, but then again—majestic. No, they do not reject Christianity because certain war-mad princes who have not known Christ, have seen fit to plunge Europe into chaos. They realize how very hard it is to make a Christian gentleman out of a king!

FROM DR. MOREAU TO MISS LEVERING

Field Hospital near Arras,
June 2, 1915.

At the request of our friend, Dr. Dennis Lowrie, I inform you herewith that he has had a small misfortune. A fragment of shell struck his right knee with some severity while he assisted in the removal of wounded from a burning village. This occurred three days ago. The wound progresses admirably and as the Doctor is in good physical state, there is now nothing serious to fear. The inaction will, however, be painful to the ardent temperament of our friend.

Yours, etc., etc.

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FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

Paris, Rue de——,
June 12, 1915.

"Not more than others I deserve
But God has given me more!"

Moreau has actually forced me to come to his father's house here to rest until my knee is mended. And here I am, feeling like a prince of the blood at least. If you could see me in the spacious coolness of Pastor Moreau's ancient library, petted, pampered, waited on,—lionized positively, by every one in the house, from the beautiful old courtly clergyman down to the small Francois who runs my errands! These French people are imaginative, must be, to find in me a hero.

The atmosphere of peace, harmony and purity in this house after the screeching, the roar and groaning, the blood, the dirt, the smells, the reek at the front, seems to me heaven itself. My knee is doing all right. But I need you, Columba, as never before. They let me read now, as I have no fever and what do you think? I have discovered here in Pastor

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Moreau's library a little old brown-leather book, thin and faded, which has the life of our friend Severinus, all by himself,—in Latin, worse luck! I am not what you could call racing through it exactly, but the book gives Severinus a curious effect to me of having really lived as a man, not as a person in a parable. . . . You comprehend. . . .

FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Lahore, North India,
July 3, 1915.

For once, once only, I wish I were not a missionary! That is saying a good deal, you will notice.

I want to be with you. I *know* you need me, even with those dear, saintly Moreaus around you. But with all my tender sympathy, my longing, my love, Dennis, I *cannot* see you as the wounded hero. You fit the ambulance corps role so much better. I have no doubt that you are back on duty before this. Unless you are deceiving me as to the seriousness of your wound. Don't do that,

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dear. I have learned to stand what I have to.

How fine that you can read, and that you have such a library to browse in. My greetings to Severinus!

Why not go in for geology and biology a little when you are stronger, by and by, if you are still at the Moreaus'? Refresh your mind on the length of time it took to get the earth ready for man and to evolve man physical himself from the brute creation, so you may learn patience with the slow process of evolving the man spiritual.

Dennis, I am—how can I say it?—convinced is too cold and controversial a word,—enraptured with the mission of Christ to our race. That is not too strong. Believe me, it is not a spent force. One never sees at home quite the transforming power of Christ's love in the individual life that we see here, where changes are more sharply defined. It is light out of darkness, order out of confusion, purity out of animalism;—it is in actual working out, all the metaphors which we use as hyperbole. Above all it is peace out of discord, strife and hatred.

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I have given up trying to understand the European war. I know only this, that all war is and must be contrary to the Gospel of peace on earth which Christ brought, and that in the end His peace must prevail. No matter what the odds are against missionary work, it was never so needed and I would rather give my life to keep the light burning, to guide helpless feet that stumble in the darkness into the way of peace, than to do anything the world offers. I tell you this because I want you to know that, in spite of all our loss and disappointment, I am satisfied with this as my life work, and that it holds happiness for me,—of a sort.

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

Paris, August 2, 1915.

I am still here, neither doctor being disposed to let me return to the front yet, bone doctor or soul doctor. I seem to have needed them both rather badly. But I can report progress. . . .

A splinter of shell in the knee joint, Columba,

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is a rather nasty thing, and I would avoid it if I were young and pretty like you. I am to have a stiff knee in perpetuity, that is flat, and it is not calculated to add to my personal attractions. My fair-weather friends, I suppose, will fall away! I have so many of them, you know.

But a stiff neck is a far more evil thing to carry about in your person than a stiff knee, and I honestly believe I am about to recover from the first. I welcome the exchange.

These weeks of daily intercourse with Pastor Moreau have been a time of rather humble teachableness on my part, for I had discovered, even while I was in the field work, that I knew infinitely little of the things I have been so cocksure about.

In short, Columba, I am fighting my way back,—not back to the boyish presumptions and dogmatic certainties of a year ago, but to a position which better fits one whose judgment has shown itself a weak and childish thing before a problem of infinite complexity.

I am not up to any elaboration of writing,

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but I must set down a few points which have at last been made clear to me:—

First, I believe in God. Not as a possibility or a theory, but as a fact.

Second, I believe in Jesus Christ our Lord, who revealed to man the love of God, and His will concerning him, this being attainment to a life in which the higher nature in him should triumph over the animal, making him unselfish, pure in heart, peaceable, like Christ Himself.

Third, I believe that Christ's Kingdom on Earth is to be the reign of peace and good will in the hearts and lives of men and nations.

That is the ideal, the goal of the race, but it is unattained. This does not prove it unattainable. That is the point I grasp, at last. Your suggestion on the long ages required for physical evolution fits precisely, as does Peter's "one day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." Also, the *true* religion of Christ must find lodgment in men's hearts. The religion of the Continental nations of Europe, as I see it now at close range, is, in large part, a most

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astounding counterfeit of the religion of Christ. It is, in the main, a mediaeval scheme for private and personal advantage, not the laying down of life for His sake. These ecclesiastical systems, incredibly superstitious and mechanical, have not built up a Kingdom of Peace, as how should they?

Good Heavens! As Pastor Moreau puts it to me, when, for fourteen centuries, the Church herself, whether Catholic or Protestant, has deliberately set her seal upon war (and the Crusades and Religious Wars in general have been of all the bloodiest) why should she at this particular time be expected to produce, on a sudden, the ideals of peace?

Why then was I breaking my head and both our hearts over the fact that the nations of Europe, every one of which is based on military force, had not advanced beyond the arbitrament of war? They have known nothing else, though tagged "Christian Nations."

It was because my knowledge was shallow, my thinking tumultuous, Columba, and because, after all, my temperament entered in —impatient, hasty, impetuous, just what you

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said, dear, only you were polite enough to call it Celtic!

It is well I came to Europe and saw some things before I blundered any more fatally!

What if I were to have a message after all, my girl?

FROM DR. LOWRIE TO MISS LEVERING

Paris, August 20, 1915.

Columba, things grow clearer, even from hour to hour.

Our own country is so little militaristic that I was without comprehension of the power over the minds of men of the ideals of force perpetually inculcated as highest virtue and patriotism.

There will come a more momentous Reformation than any the world has seen since the first Christian centuries, when at last Christian men everywhere insist upon their right to receive their commands from Christ Himself. It takes my breath away, physically, when I think of having even the smallest part in such a movement. And what a chance—to plant

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the true, untainted Gospel among a people who have heard none! . . .

Europe needs to be "converted to God" as much as Asia or Africa, but I believe that once more in Oriental lands the light divine may first shine out and illumine the West.

I refuse to seek to bring to any people a partial Gospel, a dual standard, a mixture of war justifiable for the nation, peace incumbent on the individual. But the Kingdom of Christ as the Kingdom of Peace and brotherhood and good will among men and nations alike, this is a message to exalt—yes, Columba, even a message to "enrapture" our souls. Let us help to sow the seed in India and leave God to provide the centuries which may be needed for its growth. They are His affair, not ours. I have learned to wait.

In short, my child, will you consent to marry a man much chastened and humbled in spirit, a man with a stiff knee but, at least for the present, of a rather gentle turn of mind?

I would choose,—if I deserved the privilege, which I do not,—to be married in the city of Lahore, in the chapel of the Christian Mission,

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October seventh, 1915, just one year late, to my everlasting loss. Please reply by cable.

If your cable is what my sufferings, not my virtues, merit, I shall ship from Marseilles direct to Bombay on receipt of it. God send that cable may be my call to the colors, which are yours, my Columba, dove grey and white,—the colors of peace.

CABLE DESPATCH FROM MISS LEVERING TO DR. LOWRIE

Lahore, Sept. 13, 1915.

You are called to the colors. Columba.

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The White Zeppelin

By Eleanor Baldwin

WITH one exception it was white. Its crew wore white uniforms. It was neither armored nor armed. So much could be made out with glasses. Clearly peaceful and neutral, it gave no cause for attack. It fought with leaflets only, printed in each of the belligerent tongues of the Eastern war zone, in which, at irregular intervals it appeared, showering its flyers impartially upon both armies, then taking its flight northward from whence it came.

At its first advent wires hummed with excitement and speculation. It was the subject of grave councils in military and diplomatic circles. But everywhere among the mighty and all in authority, sentiment was unanimous to censor out of existence, any mention of the White Zeppelin. Not a syllable of all the thousands it had rained down upon Eastern battle grounds was permitted to

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appear in print. And when, under cover of a personal letter, an American correspondent managed to get by with one of its missives, his paper killed it quite as dead as had the European censors.

But after its second, third and fourth appearance above the scene of hostilities in the East, interest waned, although to the generals in command, the peaceful dirigible had become a cause of unreasoning terror, bordering upon superstitious panic. Its visits were invariably followed by a waning zest for battle upon the part of their troops. This, commanders divined, and felt as never before, that no matter how deadly efficient machinery for murder may be made, it is after all, "the spirit in man" which fights battles. It was, therefore, inevitable that the militarist fear of the White Zeppelin's work should harden into hate, which it was fast doing, when suddenly its visits ceased to vex them. Those inclined to the marvelous, believed it had returned to heaven from whence they were convinced it had come.

For many days from its reported evanishment from the East, commanders in the West

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shivered in apprehension. Some serious defeats were said to have been directly due to cooling blood lust in trenches and on the field, under the Zeppelin snows; so generals commanding awaited, they knew not what—should these same showers fall upon their own war zone. But as time passed with no aerial protest against continued slaughter, leaders began to breathe more freely, when suddenly, the dreaded white thing appeared.

Posted upon an elevation, sweeping the sky with their glasses for hostile air craft, were two officers of the allied forces with an American war correspondent, while not far away, watching for taubes and zeppelins, was an aerial gunner.

"It's our turn at last," groaned Lieutenant Beresford, as he sighted the White Zeppelin approaching leisurely from the north, apparently choosing a stand from which to deliver its broadside of flyers.

This announcement caused the English lieutenant's comrades to turn their glasses in the direction indicated.

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"It's a German dirigible, right enough," he ruminated aloud, with true British deliberation, "but it's evidently privately owned; and," as the machine took a sudden swerve downward, "on the side in red, is a large figure of Mars recumbent, with a—with a—"

"Mars recumbent, is it?" mocked Murphy, Lieutenant Beresford's colleague, whose shrewd Irish blue eyes had grasped the significance of the one stroke of color the Zeppelin bore, "It's that same, sure enough. But he's not takin' a quiet snooze, like—he's knocked flat, an olive branch wavin' from a crack in that fool iron pot on his head."

"Sure thing," chuckled Queed, the American, studying the machine which was coming nearer and nearer, preparatory for action.

"Now why," pursued Lieutenant Murphy, his eyes still glued to the glass, "do you 'spose the cute one who painted 'Mars recumbent' " with a grimace at Beresford, "didn't put this same little twig in the old divil's heart? Bein' somewhat cleverer than the common run, I'll answer that meself. It's because he has none."

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"I wonder if they'll kill this," said Queed, getting busy with his camera.

Meanwhile, the English lieutenant had transferred his gaze from his glass to his comrade. "Murphy, you talk like a woman," he said severely.

"It's not strange. Me mother was a woman. I may resemble her a little, thank God."

"And you one of the best fighters in the regiment," fumed Beresford, somewhat irrelevantly.

Quite undisturbed by his comrade's criticism, Murphy continued conversation and his study of the White Zeppelin. "Taken in moderation, fightin' is a fine diversion. But when you come to what statesmen call 'public policy,' 'public safety,' and 'sound political economy,' war needs killin'. Needs it bad. Needs it quick. If I'm a good fighter," saluting, "I'm all the better able to see what's likely to put 'Mars recumbent,'" laughed Murphy. "Too long we've pampered his delicate appetite with dum dum bullets, shrapnel, bombs, floating mines, then mine

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sweepers to destroy the mines; then dreadnoughts, then torpedo boats to destroy the dreadnoughts; then torpedo-boat destroyers to destroy the torpedo boats that destroy the dreadnoughts; then submarines to blow up the whole outfit not to mention peaceful fishing craft and passenger boats; then air machines, then air guns to destroy the air machines—like that one yonder—and all the time Mars—the old divil—gettin' huskier and harder to handle. It's a game for lunatics and idiots, that's what it is," concluded Lieutenant Murphy defiantly.

"*Crazy!*" growled Queed, endorsing the Irishman's sentiments, his notebook displacing glass and camera, "all these armaments and defenses are the very things that keep war alive and kicking. The Red God thrives on 'em—eats 'em alive. He takes a quick lunch here, a five-o'clock tea there, then a full-course dinner—the old glutton—like this wholesale European butchery."

"Exactly so," agreed Murphy, "and along comes this heaven-sent White Zeppelin, with Mars stone dead on her gas bag—killed with

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the little olive branch. That's sense. He'll never die—never in God's world—by bein' fed all the things he likes best; but treat him to this dandy little sprout in the temple and see how easy he turns up his toes."

"Funny thing," jerked Queed, between pothooks that were appearing swiftly on the pages of his notebook, "peace is the only darned thing on earth that folks feel sure they'll get if they make elaborate preparations for its precise opposite. It's just like any other respectable old lie,—it dies hard."

Dumb with horror, Lieutenant Beresford had withdrawn from a discussion treasonable to all the traditions of his training. He continued his scrutiny of the White Zeppelin.

"There it comes!" he cried, as slowly beating its uncertain way down from the wind-tossed upper airs, a white, loosely fastened package fell, breaking apart upon its impact with the earth, scattering nothing more harmful than white leaflets printed in blue and decorated with a simple border of the same color.

The three men seized and read these messages from unknown senders, then exchanged fur-

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tive glances in which consternation struggled with a secret satisfaction, even in the soldier's eyes of Lieutenant Beresford.

"These are in French, English and German," said Murphy, examining several of the artistic little flyers, "but none in Irish," he volunteered, grinning.

Again Beresford gave the call. "Look! Now she's squarely above our trenches. See those bundles, breaking as they fall."

Yes, it was true. Opening as they struck the earth—some of them before—the wind scattered their contents over wide spaces. Soundless, bloodless, they took trenches, alighted like white birds on huge guns, fluttered about the feet of war horses, nestled in the palms of the wounded, covered the faces of the dead.

Nor were the Germans forgotten. In their ranks, too, men grasped eagerly these sky-sent missives, read them and put them away—treasures to be hoarded. Wherever this new element in warfare against war reached the men, an unwonted silence fell. Officers consulted in low tones.

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Meanwhile, the White Zeppelin, having exhausted its stock of ammunition, flew northward and vanished.

This, its first appearance in the Western war area, was in early spring. Other visits followed. Wherever bullets flew or shells burst, there this unearthly white thing—so like and still so unlike the air raiders of the Germans—scattered its leaves of healing. With a sense of sickening dread, commanders saw they were weaning the troops from the outworn, outgrown madness of war.

Spring advanced. Both sides bent to the task of preparation for victory in a decisive clash awaited by the whole world. During this time of activity the White Zeppelin did not appear and had been partially forgotten, when one day it suddenly swept into view of both armies.

Again the white showers fell, followed by a sort of shamed and painful hush among the fighters. Its cargo discharged, the white craft turned its prow northward, when a spontaneous—one might say an involuntary cheer—arose from Allies and Germans alike.

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Though it seemed impossible that even an echo of this could have reached the ears of the Zeppelin crew, as if in acknowledgement of it, a second shower fell,—not of leaflets, but of lilacs, white and mauve,—upon both armies, impartially, as the White Zeppelin ploughed its skyward return to distant, unknown moorings.

The effect of this unexpected, fragrant fusilade baffles adequate description. Some seized the delicate, passive blossoms, crushing them fiercely to their lips in a spasm of homesick longing. Others took them up caressingly, crying over them, like children, unashamed of their tears, while others caught them as they fell, held them silently, paling under a stress of emotion too deep for expression.

Out in the glad, growing world, unvexed by war, it was spring. This was the story told to battle-worn men by the last bombardment of the White Zeppelin. Borne on the sweetness of the lilacs, thoughts of peace penetrated the inmost souls of these men, sworn to kill and to be killed, if need be, a

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sacrifice to the Great God War. For what?

Odor-quickened sensibilities visioned those ages-old delights of spring,—sprouting fields, nesting birds, the mystic, tonic odor of freshly furrowed earth. All these normal, human hungers, and more, clutched at the souls of these men. They were like the damned in purgatory looking out upon the Elysian fields of paradise. The glory and beauty of spring with its promise of summer's smiling increase, was not for them.

Before the flowers fell, they had hardly been aware of it at all. Now, they realized bitterly that to them it was merely a better opportunity to kill and to be killed. To bring to naught the blessed prophecy of spring in ravished fields heaped with rotting dead.

Sanity had returned, for the time, to the soldiery of both Allies and Germans. Convulsively men clung to these silent pleaders for peace in which to love, for all the beautiful, homely activities of everyday human living. Never in the grim, fratricidal annals of war had such an atmosphere pervaded contending

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armies. It filled the trenches, carried healing to the wounded, haloed the dead.

Military leaders, steeped in the madness of their trade, drunk with the traditions of their calling, regarded this war on war with the gravest apprehension. In both camps that night, low-voiced councils were held, their burden being to reawaken the blood lust in men who were shedding bitter tears over lilac blossoms. More than one threat against the peaceful White Zeppelin, was made in these councils, by Germans and Allies alike.

Preparations for what it was hoped, would be the deciding battle of the war went on, but by mutual consent both sides deferred active hostilities until men should once more be ready to fling themselves upon fixed bayonets, or drive artillery over the wounded and dying.

Many days passed before the masters of slaughter felt assured that the old hypnotism had reasserted itself and as the White Zeppelin had not appeared since the event of the floral attack, confidence kindled anew and at last the fight was on in full fury. Days of carnage that sickened the civilized world passed into

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history. Still the great battle refused to award victory to either side. Neither had made a decided gain that would tell toward the making of peace.

It was nearing the close of a day of blood. At points in the interminable battle line, fortune favored the Allies. At others, the advantage was with the Teutons, but at one strategic point they were losing ground rapidly accompanied by a fearful sacrifice of life. Officers were having difficulty to keep retirement from degenerating into disastrous retreat, when suddenly the White Zeppelin swung into view, dipping directly over the harried ranks of the Teutons.

What fighting temper they had kept under the raking fire of the enemy cooled beneath the falling snows of the white dirigible. In that part of the field the day was hopelessly lost to the Germans.

Under similar circumstances, what followed might have happened in the camp of the Allies. But they were victorious and for the moment the heat of victory refused to give back before the falling leaves of peace which were

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quickly trampled into bloody annihilation.

The German commander was not slow to trace the suddenly increasing demoralization among his troops to the hated white machine. Suddenly, his eyes blazing, he rushed to the nearest aerial gunner, a fine pink and white lad of eighteen or twenty.

"Do you see that?" asked the general, pointing a finger that shook with rage, at the White Zeppelin.

The boy saluted. "Yes, Herr General, I see that."

"Then fire!" came the command in a voice of intensest hatred.

From the young gunner's face the color faded. His lips quivered a little.

"That, Herr General, can I not do."

Drawing his revolver, the infuriated man pressed the muzzle to the boy's temple and fired. Then pushing aside the limp heap at his feet, with his own hands, he brought the gun to bear on the hated thing from which the leaflets were falling. His aim was good. A first, a second, a third, then a fourth shot went home.

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The heart of battle stood still as men watched the wounded white thing reeling to its death. Only the one who had brought it down was savagely joyous.

Not far from where he stood, it came crashing to earth. By the time he reached it, bodies were being gently extricated from the tangled wreckage and smoking machinery. Also, there were still some unbroken bundles of leaflets. One of these the general picked up, glanced an instant at its contents, then flung it scornfully aside.

Indifferently, he looked on, the final two bodies were lifted tenderly out from the ruins. They were blonde girls—one English, the other, evidently, German. So tightly were they clasped in each others' arms that they had to be placed upon one stretcher. When about the shoulders of one, fell her tangled yellow hair, the mad general sprang forward, lifting the sunny, silken mass and turning toward him the face it framed. An instant he looked, then staggered back, moaning brokenly, "My own little girl!"

Never did ill tidings travel so swiftly.

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Shortly both armies seemed to know to the last living man that the White Zeppelin was down, its crew dead. It had been manned by women. A French girl had been at the wheel. There was an American matron with a face like the Blessed Mother. A young Russian widow with her baby son of four, was among the White Zeppelin dead, and there were two beautiful girls—English and German. Each one wore a band of crepe upon her left sleeve.

That night not generals alone,—not leaders, were in council. There was also counsel taken among the masses of men,—those who, before, had been only mere things to be disposed of as others might direct. Dead, the crew of the White Zeppelin was more potent than it had been in life. The leaves of peace for the healing of the nations, the leaves that held the mystic words,—faith—service—love, —which they had sown so perseveringly upon bloody ground, were fulfilling their mission at last.

The sun rose cloudless and bright upon a morning of supreme self-assertion. The mad-

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ness of war had passed from trenches and fields. Sanity was in possession of millions of minds to which it had long been a stranger. Guns were stilled. Officers commanded in vain. Both armies refused to fight. In that moment the demon of armaments and bloodshed was exorcised. Humanity had come into its own,—had found its oneness,—taught by the gentle crew of the White Zeppelin, that had gained, by her method of Warfare, Victory for the Kingdom of "The Prince of Peace."

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On the Field of Honor

By Ruth Mason Rice

IRENE Graham looked about her apartment with eyes of dissatisfaction. Not that all was not as it should be,—there were the distinctive marks of rooms furnished by wedding guests. All was, moreover, as it should be after two people have lived together two years, and there is as yet no child to upset the house and make it a home. Throughout was dignity and charm, and yet,—there was something lacking to Irene's eyes as she sat there that November day of the year nineteen fourteen. She was knitting a muffler for a soldier, and while she knitted she pondered.

What was this thing lacking in her home,—and was it the same thing which was lacking in her marriage? Stephen was an irreproachable husband. It was not that she had any fault to find with him, except, perhaps, that he took himself and her too much for granted.

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He had won her,—he was satisfied. Now what more was there to be said or done about it, but to go on living a serviceable life together? And again he had put his face to the grindstone,—only Graham was not grinding out money. He was doing routine work in connection with the International Peace Association. He was the tireless, unspectacular man who stood behind the propagandists and furnished material. He was above all, reserved and unassuming. With the years Peace had become a passion with him,—as it had been his Master's passion. If Graham could do anything to help bring in the Kingdom of Peace,—that was all he asked of life,—oh,—of course,—Irene—.

Today, however, Irene felt out of harmony with her husband and his high aims. Absurdly enough she was becoming jealous of this ideal of his, and of having him lavish everything upon it. She wished he would not stay down town and do extra work so many evenings. That dent between his brows was deepening. She wished she had the power

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over him that his work had,—this laudable Promotion of Peace.

Irene picked up a stitch she had dropped, and began to muse over the two years once again. Since the day of her marriage she had come no nearer her youthful dream of it,—or as near. As she had dreamed of marriage it was to have been something big and absorbing and momentous, and the man was to have been very masterful and possessive.

Now she smiled, dimly. Marriage had not proved a remarkable experience after all. It seemed to change things surprisingly little. There was the altered address, to be sure, and the new name on the new calling cards, and the new place at table, and a man's clothes hanging in a closet off your room, and a chiffonier in the dressing-room full of the things you used to hasten past in shop windows. All this,—but not so notably much beside,—at least, as she had experienced it.

Then Stephen himself,—he had not proved masterful and possessive. Instead, he was fastidiously respectful and tentative toward her. Irene gave a satirical click of her needles.

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She was thinking—had he been one of those early Romans—how hard it would have been for him to carry off his allotted Sabine woman, how it would have gone against his grain to be so abrupt and compelling, how, instead, he would surely have asked her if it wouldn't trouble her too much to return with him to the Aventine,—and if it would,—he perfectly understood,—that was quite all right,—and he would find some other.

It had all been very different when Irene's younger sister, Joan, was married, now five years ago. Hers had been a whirlwind campaign inaugurated by a brilliant French artist, Antoine Beauchamp, with a pair of ardent eyes, and much poetry at his tongue's end. With them marriage had proved what Irene used to dream it was,—and she had woven all the texture of their happiness into the fabric of her dream, and made it beautiful. The warp was love and the woof was tenderness. But as for her own affair,—Stephen Graham had always been in her life, and one day they soberly decided that he should remain in it.

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Irene glanced out of the window into the twilight to see if she couldn't catch sight of Joan. The tea-kettle had boiled long since, and the old Dutch silver glowed expectantly. Joan was never known to be late before, which made her delay seem odd. . . . . Irene felt a sense of oppression and portent.

She rose and lighted candles here and there. Once she glanced into an old-fashioned mirror. Her eyes were grey, and her hair a blurry brown, and she was beautiful, but not beautiful enough, apparently, or—or something. Certainly she hadn't the knack of making Stephen as happy as he should be. How did other women "go about" their husbands? She wished she dared ask one of them. But she could not,—not even Joan. She was too anxious to appear "ideally married." Joan thought her and Stephen as happy as herself and Antoine,—and perhaps they were,—in their way. Who could say? . . . .

There was coming to be something very disturbing about Joan's long delay. Irene lived for these visits. To her they were the event of the day. To Joan, however, they

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were just an incident tucked in between keeping up her tiny flat, posing as Antoine's model, doing war-relief work, or making gifts for other people's impending babies. She had no child herself, but she had a superstition, once confided to Irene, that if she gave a great many darling wee things to other girls for their cherubs, perhaps, some day, she might be vouchsafed a cherub of her own.

But what could be keeping Joan? If only the Beauchamps had a telephone, but they had to economize on all the necessities in order that Antoine might purchase artistic luxuries for the delectation of genius. Irene smiled, when the matter was discussed, as she read in Joan's shining eyes her belief in Antoine and his future greatness. Irene wished she had that amount of faith in Stephen. She supposed it might prove an incentive to him.

"Oh—there she is now!—" and Irene threw open the door to greet her sister with as much zest as though they had not met in months.

Instantly the ordered, silent place became alive. The little brown Beauchamp and her

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big brown muff were caught into an embrace by Irene with a sense of gratitude to Joan for arriving, and ridding her of that nostalgia and disaffection which had haunted her all day. Whatever Antoine might be or become,—Joanny, at least, was a genius.

Irene let her sister escape, expecting to hear the characteristic exclamations of glee, but instead there was a smothered sob, and looking under the big hat for the first time, Irene saw two tears rolling down Joan's cheeks, and a piteous, drawn look about the childish mouth.

"What is it?" Irene's heart stood still, for this was an unknown thing for the bubbling Joan. "What can have happened? Is something the matter with Antoine? Has—oh you don't mean—he can't have—"

"Enlisted, and leaves one month from today," said Joan, in a reedy little voice not her own. Then she threw herself into her sister's arms, and shook with convulsive sobs, murmuring:

"Antoine—oh why did it have to come to him?—I could stand it to hear of those other

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women giving up their husbands—over there—because it didn't seem real. . . . . But now—it's come to me,—and he may never, never come—back—."

"Joanny, Joanny,—is it certain he must go? There are so many others. Wouldn't—oh—couldn't you persuade him—"

Joan Beauchamp lifted her head, and her eyes flashed through her tears.

"My husband is a patriot," she said.

Irene bowed her own head, rebuked.

Joan continued:

"Besides,—do you think I'd keep him from going,—urge him not to go? Don't you realize that this is war-time, and that women have to stand ready to give everything,—even the men they love? It's for his country he's doing it,—for his honor. He may lose his life,—but at least it will be on the field of honor,—he'll have shed his blood for France."

There was a fire in Joan's eyes and voice which made her sister afraid—afraid to see how much bigger she was than Irene herself. For Irene could not have looked at it that

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way,—and Joan had always loved Antoine more than she had ever loved Stephen. What would she do and say,—if this thing had come to her,—if Stephen were leaving in a month,—probably never to return?

An hour later, Joan, going back to her home, passed a hurdy gurdy, trying to whip up the spirits of the passers-by. It had just played "Die Wacht am Rhein," and was now playing "La Marseillaise." An organ grinder must be neutral.

Joan stopped, and gave the man a coin, and the Italian bowed low to thank the beautiful little person with the tragic eyes. He marvelled at what could have come to make her look like that,—and she apparently but made for pleasure.

"Grazie,—madonna,—" he said, gravely, feeling that, truly, a sword had pierced her heart.

She was gone, leaving him grinding out zealously:

"To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, march on, all hearts resolv'd
On—"

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Joan hastened to turn a corner that she might not hear the last phrase—"liberty or death."

The same night Irene made a decision. It was so foolish that she would not have dared confide it to anyone, but for once Irene was moved to be impulsive and take a chance. Always she had weighed and measured beforehand, and looked back and regretted afterward, while Joan just breathed and bloomed,—as a flower does.

The thing on which Irene decided was this,—to live during the next month with the thought always before her that at the end of that time Stephen, like Antoine, was going away,—perhaps never to return. War had intensified things all along the line for others,—why should it not do something for her? All her life she had lived in the devices and imaginations of her heart. So, now, she set herself to do that again.

Therefore, the next morning Irene arose, self-impressed, that just thirty days from today Stephen would be leaving. It gave her a little clutch at her throat. She thought of

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Joan and Antoine, and wondered what they were doing and saying.

Breakfast was over. Graham put on his overcoat, and went toward the door. In looks he was agreeable and unaccentuated.

"Good-by, Irene. There's to be a conference tonight to consider an important project, so I shall stay down town till about midnight."

"Oh!" There was about Irene a quality subtly diffident and appealing as she gave the low cry, and Graham was quick to feel and love it,—this new poignancy which he could not explain. He turned to go,—unable to show that he felt it,—even though he would have liked to.

"You—won't be home till midnight!—" hesitated Irene. "Oh Stephen!—" she cried, with a catch of her breath,—then,—"I—it's nothing . . . ." She broke off, coloring.

"What is it, Irene?"

"I may be gone to bed when you get back," was her only reply.

"All right. I'll just slip into the other room, and not disturb you—"

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"No,—if you don't mind, I—I—think I'd rather you'd come in and say 'good night' to me,—even if I am asleep. It won't disturb me, and I—I—sleep better—if—we've said 'good night.' "

Her mood was mysterious to him. He kissed her reverently, and was gone.

It was a month later, the night before Beauchamp was to leave for the war, and before Graham was also to leave,—at least in the fancy of his wife. As Irene now sat reading the war news, in her mind were seething many thoughts,—a shadow of what she would have been having were her husband really leaving tomorrow. The experiment had worked well, as was to be foreseen with one of Irene's temperament, and her changed attitude had wrought a similar change in Graham. He was less rigid, less repressed, although no less absorbed in his work, but also absorbed in her while he was with her, and when he was away from her, as well . . It was very new. . . .

Graham spoke now:

"Irene,—there's a matter I want to dis-

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cuss with you. It's this,—that I'm thinking of going away—I can't say when to return."

Irene started. It was the audible expression of those very words which had been speaking themselves in her own mind for days.

"Going away,—you can't say when you'll come back?" Her heart was pounding against her side.

"Yes—and it won't be possible to take you with me."

Then Graham told her of a secret mission being initiated by the International Peace Association,—the matter they had been discussing till so late that night a month ago. The intent was to send one of the workers as a strictly neutral emissary to the different capitals of Europe that he might ply between the foreign Powers to help bring about that consummation of peace so desired by all. It was felt that advances from the Association might prove more successful than those made by the Government,—which could not be wholly unofficial. It might fail,—but at least it was worth the attempt, the leaders felt. And he, Graham, had been selected as

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the one best fitted to carry out this grave and delicate mission.

Graham's eyes glowed as he talked, and his wife found his look startlingly elevated, and yet with it all there was that inbred humility so characteristic of him. He had been honored. . . . He would strive to be worthy.

Then at last it swept over Irene what this was going to involve,—Stephen—gone—possibly for a year,—just as their marriage was coming to mean so much to them. And not only gone for that length of time, but there was risk, that he could not deny.

"Oh—no—no,—" she exclaimed, "I can't let you do it. You mustn't ask it of me," and she caught his hand between her own.

"You mean you would stand in the way of my doing this,—the biggest thing that's come into my life yet? Why, dear, it might possibly go far toward bringing about what we most want." Graham rose, and began pacing the room.

Irene remained silent. At length he paused, and looking down at her with perplexity, he said:

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"Irene,—I know you can't let your little sister be a bigger woman than you. She's giving up her Antoine tomorrow,—but she never utters a word of herself and what it means to her. God knows—she doesn't need to,—the heart-break in her eyes is enough."

"But it's to go and fight for his country that Joan is giving Antoine," retorted Irene with defiance, "it's for his honor,—not just—for—"

"Peace—" finished Graham sadly. "There's the delusion with us all. We'll do anything for war. We'll sacrifice our very life-blood for it,—but peace,—that's different,—that's something we don't intend to suffer for. Why, do you suppose that if men and women had the respect for Christ's peace they have for war—great wars would go on? It's because war is so arrogant and exacting that we bow down and worship it as we do. So you'd give me up for the glory of war—if America were to join the other nations?"

"Yes."

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"Then why,—in God's name,—won't you give me up for the greater glory of peace?" Graham's face was aflame.

"But you said you might be gone a year or more, and—that there was—danger—"

"Certainly there's danger. I shall be wholly at the mercy of foreigners who may misinterpret my mission and purpose."

Graham's eyes were upon his wife now, and there was something stirring about him. He was the man of action rather than of routine. She had not dreamed he had it in him. Words of Joan's came back to her,—"My husband is a patriot." Irene could say that, too,—and more,—for Stephen stood ready to give his life for the world, for humanity.

"Yes,—I see it now. It's clear,—you must go," she murmured. "It's my love for you that makes me want to be as big as you are,—as you want me to be."

"Oh, my wife,—" he cried, "it makes me so happy to feel that you are coming to share my ideal—"

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"I must be,—Stephen,—for I'm proud to let you go."

"Thank you. There's nothing you could do that would make me love you as much as that. Of course, I've always loved you,—but this past month you've come nearer to me than ever,—in these two good years we've had together."

Irene raised her shining face to his.

"You mean—that our marriage—has meant more to you, even, than you'd dreamed?"

"Well rather,—why—hasn't it to you?" he asked, incredulously.

She was on the verge of telling him the truth, but instead—

"This last month,—yes—"she said softly,—"more even—than—I'd—dreamed—."

And when the words were out, Irene knew that they, and not their opposite, were the truth, after all.

Graham left a fortnight later, and Irene was as sad and as triumphant in his going as Joan had been in Antoine's, for each was

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giving a patriot, and each was glad in her gift.

Four months passed. In the studio Beauchamp lay reclining in a chair, one sleeve of his coat hanging limp beside him. That arm had been shot off at the battle of Les Éparges on April seventh. But Antoine did not complain.

"Eh bien," he would say, with a shrug and a wraith of his old smile, "for it's only the left one, so I can still paint, you see." And he would fall again to planning his great war picture.

Now as he lay there, he looked white and broken, the dark hair scattered through with grey, the eyes hollow and with a solemn exaltation in them as of one who has companied closely with Life and Death,—the two great Ultimatums. Before him on the floor sat Joan, like a child, her head on his knee, her hands clasped about his hand that remained.

There was a ring at the bell. Joan went, and took in a letter, brought by special messenger. She read it aloud,—

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" 'International Peace Association,
May 7, New York.

Dear Madam:—

The enclosed cablegram has just been received and explains itself.

Yours sincerely,
Henry Drake.' "

The cablegram read:—

" '*Berlin, May 7.*

Stephen Graham assassinated today. Inform widow.

American Embassy.' "

Joan and Antoine stared at each other with white faces.

"Oh—poor Irene," breathed Joan. "I wonder if he was taken for a spy,—that splendid Stephen. . . . They were simply everything to each other, you know."

"I know," said Beauchamp, gravely. "Mais oui, ma Jeanne,—this is bad, very bad."

And with Celtic abandon he mingled his tears with his wife's over the death of their brother. Then Joan went to tell Irene.

Evening—and two weeks later, and in an

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inner room of the apartment lay the body of Graham, today received from Germany. The authorities had been quick to apologize, and to see that the remains were respectfully returned. They had not been quick enough to stay the hand of the drunken German recruit who had shot the American for an Englishman without warning.

In the living-room sat Irene, motionless, her face pale and stricken, near her Joan and Antoine. All through those days of waiting Joan had sought to comfort her sister, or at least to bring to Irene the relief of tears, but nothing availed. She seemed like one turned to stone. So now, with a sense of desperate protest, the impulsive younger sister exclaimed:

"And the worst of it is to think that it was so unnecessary,—that it needn't have happened after all,—that if only he hadn't gone on that peace mission—"

Something in Irene's face made her break off,—a dangerous something,—a gleam as of life coming back into glazed eyes.

"Joan," Irene cried in a violent voice which shivered through the silence, "Joan,—you

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shall not speak like that. You were willing to give your Antoine for war,—you sent him out to kill other women's husbands in the name of honor. Then shouldn't I be willing to give my Stephen for peace? You let Antoine go knowing he might never come back, and yet you didn't question. . . And even if Stephen did fall before his mission was accomplished,—he fell on the true field of honor,—for the most Christian ideal instead of the most barbaric. So I'm proud,—very proud,—for he was noble and Christ-like,—and I'm glad to think he was mine to give. . . . He never said much,—but he's worked —God only knows how hard all these years, and the men say that—what he did—no other man could have done. . . . And in our married life—he never said much—either, —but he was very wonderful, and we were very happy—"

Irene paused for breath, while the Beauchamps looked on at her, astonished. She continued then, unconsciously almost in the words used by her husband that night, months before:

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"Oh—if men and women would only be as ready to sacrifice everything for Christ and His Peace as they are for War,—think,—just think what it would mean! To you and me, Joan, it would mean that Antoine need not have been maimed,—I could have kept my Stephen."

She paused again, and then, after a moment:

"But now I'm quite alone,—without husband or child,—so from now on I shall throw myself into work for peace, into Stephen's work,—as he would have loved so to have me do. . . . You see,—in these months,—I've been trying to learn of him,—" she added, humbly, "and since the news came that he was gone, it's come to be my one desire to take up this work where he left it,—to make myself worthy of him, and his ideal, and his ideal for me."

Then, as though the strength which seemed to have been given her for this outbreak had quite ebbed away, Irene dropped her face into her hands, and going into the next room, she flung herself on her knees before the body of her husband, whispering,

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"But oh—how I shall miss you—dear! . . ." Then softly, " 'You will wake . . . and remember . . . and understand . . .' "

While without, Beauchamp felt a ghostly throb of pain through the arm which had been shot off. And beside him sat his wife who had been willing to give him for the glory of war,—a faint smile in her eyes that she had him back again,—even while they were filled with tears for Irene—that her Stephen must be committed to the earth,—and all for no purpose but—peace. And still Joan could not see it,—for she belonged, after all, to the primitive rather than to the highly developed. But within knelt her sister who had at last caught the vision, and who was to prove, in very truth, a standard-bearer, like Stephen, a pursuivant of peace.

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Companions of the Desert

By Elizabeth Perkins

HE sun beat down fiercely upon the desert. The air quivered with heat. The glare tortured the strained eyes of the lone traveler who staggered along beneath the load of the pack upon his back, with bowed head and sagging knees, a picture of despair. Scarcely did he know why he continued to struggle against the fate which seemed upon the point of overpowering him. He could not be said to have any expectation of arriving anywhere. Nothing but a blind instinct kept him moving on, on, as far as his failing strength would carry him. He was hungry,—worse yet, he was thirsty,—and he was without hope. All around him stretched the desert. Above was the pitiless blue sky, scorching and terrible. From time to time the wind blew clouds of sand over him, and he was

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forced to stop and close his eyes until it had passed.

At length the heat and the driving sand moved him to keep his eyes closed while traveling steadily forward, and in this fashion he walked for some minutes. When at last he opened them again he gave a start of joy, for upon the distant horizon appeared a tiny green spot, scarcely showing at all except to eyes wonted to the desert. Small as it was, it served to quicken his steps and straighten his shoulders and put new heart into him, for it meant water, and it gave him a goal toward which to strive.

But it was a long way off, and many times on the road he was on the point of despair. Suppose it should prove to be but a mirage? Many have been deceived by such lying visions, only to be swallowed up in the desert. Here and there he came upon piles of their whitened bones,—a prophecy of what was in store for him should he falter upon his way.

These ghastly piles spurred him on to new effort, and at last he drew near to his goal,—no mirage, but a true oasis, albeit a very small

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one,—just a trickle of water bubbling amidst green grass, and a single tree bending over it, —yes, and something more, something was surely moving under the tree. As he came close he saw that it was a man engaged in stripping the hide from an antelope which he had slain.

Heat and the fierce hunger of the desert had done their work upon the traveler. The sight of meat inflamed him to a passion of desire. In a moment weakness and weariness were forgotten, and drawing the dagger which he wore at his girdle, he leaped upon the stranger and strove with him for the possession of the antelope.

The man was unprepared for this attack, his attention having been so absorbed upon his task that he had not seen the approach of his antagonist. Nevertheless, he made a bold resistance, and being more strongly built than the other, would soon have overpowered him had not desperation given the newcomer strength beyond what would otherwise have been his. As it was, the battle was indecisive. Neither man was able to use his

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knife effectively. They rolled upon the grass together, their limbs intertwined in deadly strife, their faces breathing hatred and defiance, their muscles knotted and strained. Once they fell together with their united weight against the palm tree, and the force of the blow snapped its slender trunk in twain, so that its crown of leaves, which had been their shade from the sun, was laid low, and the remorseless rays struck upon their sweating bodies without let or hindrance. Still they maintained the struggle, and the grass all about them was torn up by the roots, and the water of the spring was fouled with the upturned soil, but they ceased not for that.

At length out of the far reaches of the desert came another living thing, this time not man, but beast. A jackal slunk across the sands, lolling his great red tongue out and swaying from side to side as he walked. Instinct guided him to the oasis, seeking water to quench his thirst. There he found the two men, and, they being so absorbed in their struggle as not to see him, he easily possessed himself of the dead antelope and made off

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with it, nor did they discover their loss until he had dragged it to such a distance that pursuit was hopeless.

"This is what comes of thy greed!" snarled the killer of the antelope, looking sadly after his prey.

He who had made the attack answered nothing, but rage and hate burned in his heart because the other's resistance had been so fierce that he had not been able to secure his intended booty. They might have continued to fight for very hate had they not both become so exhausted that they could no longer stand, but sank upon the grass panting and breathless. Alas, that they no longer had the shade of the palm tree! The sun beat upon them mercilessly, and they were fain to close their eyes from the torture of it, yet dared not do so, each distrusting the other.

Yet after a time, in spite of the heat and glare, they became somewhat refreshed by rest and by the waters of the stream, which they drank eagerly, befouled though they were, so great was their thirst. And because a human being, even an enemy, was better

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than the loneliness of the desert, they agreed to travel upon their way in each other's company.

"Since we are to be companions, wilt thou not tell me thy name?" said the man who had slain the antelope.

"My name is Ismail Iran," replied the other. "I am a merchant and have traversed this desert many times with my wares, and would by now have been in Cairo had I not become separated from my caravan and lost my way. Worse than all, my camel died exhausted, and I was forced to travel upon foot. I had eaten nothing all day and my water bottle was empty when I reached this place. And thou?"

"My name is Abdul Kazin," replied the other briefly, and vouchsafed nothing as to his business in the desert.

"If we travel with our backs to the sunset we shall in Allah's time reach the Nile," said Ismail, "but that our strength will carry us so far without a camel I greatly doubt. Perchance some caravan will find us. If not, it must find our bones."

Abdul bowed his head gravely, and the two set out together, keeping a careful watch for

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marauding wild beasts, and trusting each other not at all, for each carried his hand upon his dagger, and Ismail was coveting in his heart the jewel upon Abdul's turban, while Abdul eyed the fat money pouch that hung at Ismail's girdle.

Hours they traveled, until Abdul pointed ahead toward something upon the horizon the form of which it was not easy to make out. Towards it they steered their steps, now hoping, now despairing, until at last they were satisfied that it was undoubtedly another oasis,—a larger one than that which they had left. A small grove of palm trees cast a thick shade all around, and a broad expanse of fresh green grass invited their weary limbs to rest.

But again there was an occupant in possession, for a man was seated under the palm trees engaged in spreading out upon the grass a luncheon which seemed to the famished eyes of the newcomers a sumptuous one.

Ismail's eyes glistened. "We are weak with fasting," he said, "but we are two against one. If we but stand together we can take the

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feast away from him, and then we will divide it between us."

"Agreed," said Abdul. "We will divide it equally. Only let us not fail each other."

So the two drew their daggers and advanced towards the stranger, and he, looking up from his task of preparing the meal, saw them coming and saw the murder in their eyes, yet greeted them kindly and bade them sit down to the feast with him, saying that though there were scarcely enough for three, they were welcome to it as far as it would go, as it would be better that each should have his share than that either should go fasting. And they, ashamed at heart, slipped their daggers back into their belts and sat down with him, and all ate together, and drank of the water of the spring, and lay down under the palm trees and rested their weary bodies.

Then when they were refreshed the stranger said,—"And now let us tell each other our names and histories, that we may know with whom we have dined."

"I," began Ismail, "am Ismail Iran, a merchant. By evil luck I was separated from

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my caravan and lost in the desert. More than that, the camel which I raised in my own tent, is dead, and I, his master, must expect soon to perish, for how can I leave this desert without a camel? I know the road too well not to know that that would be impossible."

"I," said his companion, "am Abdul Kazin," and vouchsafed no more.

"And I," said their host, "am Omri Kardish, a native of Arabia and a stranger in these parts. I, too, have been separated from my caravan, and my case is more desperate than thine in that I know nothing of this country and have no idea in which direction to bend my steps."

"Alas, the direction can avail little if we have no strength but our own," said Ismail.

"And furthermore," said Omri, "this food which we have just eaten is the last which my

[illegible]"

[illegible]," said Abdul.

[illegible]

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prevailed against thee hadst thou opposed them?"

"The drawn daggers in thy hands told me how desperate was thy need," said Omri simply.

"But thou wast not wasted with fasting. Thou couldst have made defense. Our attack would have been but feeble. Didst not mark how our steps wavered?"

"But my creed bids me not to fight with any man," said Omri, bowing his head.

"Methinks that is a strange creed," said Ismail. "Why, to fight is but nature's way of proving which hath the best right to life. Do not all wild things fight and kill? Do not the very birds of the air strive together? Wilt thou defy nature's law?"

"Yea, for that we are in the world, brother," said Omri. "For if a man would be anything more than an animal he must defy the laws of the animal to obey a higher law."

Ismail shook his head. "'Tis our good fortune to have met thee, but thy creed will never work amongst men," he said.

"Of that I am not convinced, for mine eyes have told me that all living things grow by

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love and die by hate," said Omri. "But we will save the discussion for another time. Now I must carry water to my camel, which I left in the desert yonder. The poor beast was exhausted and could come no farther."

"How, hast thou a camel?" asked Ismail eagerly.

"If it still lives, yes," said Omri. "Yet is it of small use to me, since it will never be able to walk again."

"How so?" asked Abdul.

"The poor creature is suffering from the poisonous nettles that grow in the desert," said Omri. "Its feet are in a pitiable condition. Almost was I tempted to put my dagger into its throat to ease its pain, yet could I not bring myself to do it. I will take this water and let it drink before it dies, that it may have a little comfort."

"And perchance I may yet pay for my dinner," said Abdul. "I know somewhat of the healing art, and I have noticed among the grass on which we are seated a certain herb which is sovereign in such cases as this. I

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will gather some and go with thee to see the beast."

"As pleases thee," said Omri, "but do not hope too much. Never saw I a beast in such desperate case recover."

Abdul made no response but proceeded to gather some leaves of a grey-green color which grew among the grasses, and Omri waited patiently until he had a sufficient supply of them. Then the three set out together over the desert, and traveled for some minutes in silence, until they came to a spot where, in a little dip in the ground, the unfortunate camel was lying. Its eyes were closed, and at first its master thought it dead, but he ran to it and bathed its head in water, and it looked up at him and presently raised its long neck from the ground and thrust it into the water skin which he had brought, and took a full draught.

Meanwhile Abdul was examining the animal's swollen and bleeding feet. They were indeed a pitiful sight, and Ismail shook his head and declared that there was no hope for it. But Abdul paid no heed to him. He washed the feet with water and bound on the

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herb which he had brought, and then sat down to wait.

"There," said Omri, when the water had been consumed, "we have done what we could. Now let us go. This camel grew up in my tent and was my favorite of the herd. I cannot bear to see it die."

But Abdul sat there and did not stir.

"Wilt not come with us?" said Ismail. "See, there is nothing more to be done for the beast."

"Wait," said Abdul. "Wait, and see the power of Allah."

So they sat down with him and waited, and in a short time the beast again raised its head, and presently struggled to its feet, and Abdul advancing loosed the bandage of herbs about one foot, and showed how the sores were healing, and they stood amazed while the camel placed the foot as firmly upon the ground as if it were whole.

"It is a miracle!" declared Omri.

"And I would have slain thee for the jewel in thy turban!" exclaimed Ismail. "Now, by the mercy of Allah, thou hast saved all our lives!"

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The Red Cross Lady

By Mary S. Stover

OP! Bang!! One moment the small general sat back with a satisfied sigh and regarded his achievement. Then he fell briskly to stowing away in their box, a reasonably suggestive burial trench, his bright new soldiers —all recently "killed in action."

The metallic clatter drew Malcolm's attention from his book (it wasn't a very interesting one); and he bent indolently to watch his little brother's disposal of the mimic army.

They were "made in America," those bright, new toy soldiers, and strictly neutral hybrids, in physiognomy, uniform and equipment. Uncle Donald had brought them on Harold's birthday, less than a week ago, sarcastically recommending them as "good Christian warriors every one." Brother being such a little fellow, Uncle's meaning flew quite over his head. He just caught the word "Christian"

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and shouted, "Oh, yes; 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' aren't they, Uncle Don?"

Mother and Malcolm had understood Uncle, of course, though neither of them said anything, only Mother's lips bit together again in that troubled way Malcolm had noticed so often lately when Uncle Don made one of his sharp speeches. "Poor Mother," sighed the boy, staring down at those innocent toy soldiers as he wondered what she would say if she realized that he, too, was thinking very similar thoughts to Uncle Don's these days!

Malcolm rather wished that he had let those clever, unsettling books of Uncle's alone. There was a fascination in them, though, once a fellow had dipped inside—just to find out what it was that had turned big, handsome, young Uncle Don from the jolliest grown-up chum imaginable to this brooding, cynical man. Besides, one ought to know about things as they are, no matter how the knowing hurts. If this age be "the Waterloo of Christianity," why not face the fact, and—well, hunt for something better?

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Maybe though,—Mother *might* be right in believing those favorite lines of hers:

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world!"

Of course, a fellow would like to keep on thinking that. Could they help him to, if he told them about his doubts and questionings;—Mother, whose faith seemed unshaken for all her pitiful sympathy with the sufferers across the sea, or Father, who earnestly discussed war problems with the Judge and his professor friends from the University? Or would they treat his perplexities as trivial and childish?

Malcolm's boyish lips curled scornfully as he considered his family's comfortable ignorance of the struggle he was passing through. He did not believe that even Uncle Don suspected how this fourteen-year-old nephew was puzzling over the same problems as he! But then, Malcolm acknowledged honestly, he must seem very much like his old-time self. He still read his boys' magazines,—as well as lots of others; he fished

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and rowed and played ball, outwardly quite as usual.

A shout from Harold abruptly broke in upon Malcolm's revery.

"Hello, Minna! Where're you going?"

Minna smiled in open enjoyment of the boy's admiration. She was dressed for traveling, in sober black very different from her usual gala attire, much more appropriate for a Swiss nursemaid, Malcolm thought. Moreover, Minna was her own brisk, cheerful, enthusiastic self again, whereas she had been red-eyed and silent of late, paying scarcely any attention to anyone except Baby.

"I go to the city to meet my mother and my sister and the little ones, who come on the big steamer today. They will live in the brown house yonder," she explained.

"Not—not in that little house of ours beyond the orchard?" stammered Malcolm, recalling Minna's boastful accounts of her Swiss home.

Minna nodded. "Many things are changed by the war," she sighed.

"But Switzerland is neutral," puzzled Malcolm.

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"Neutral? Ah, yes. In war, though, even those who fight not must suffer. Last summer my father and Anton, Marie's husband, were away on a trip through the Rhine country—far too near the war when it came. Anton was a German reservist who must go at once, leaving the dear old father to get home as he could. People were good to him; they gave him rides in their carts, shelter at night. But all was crowd; confusion; delay. Father was out in the rain, with no way to dry his clothes; he came home sick, very sick. By and by he died. Now poor Anton is dead—killed in the war. And in Switzerland is it hard to live, though my family is still better off than many. When my mother found that a good man would buy the house and some of the things, she said, 'We go to Minna in America.' "

Harold impulsively threw his arms around Minna's neck in a strangling embrace. "There, there, Minna, don't cry any more. we haven't any horrid old war here; they'll be all right now!" he comforted.

"You must go at once, Minna, or you'll

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miss the car," warned Mother, hurrying out to settle the girl's uptilted hat. "Don't worry one bit, nor let your mother. Mr. Thompson will see to everything for you," she promised as they waved Minna down the steps.

No sooner was she out of sight than they set to work adding many small comforts and thoughtful finishing touches to the little house, already beautifully clean and partially furnished according to Minna's taste. Mother and Harold made a jolly picnic of the task, pressing Uncle Don into service under promise of his favorite dessert for dinner; but Malcolm did his part mechanically. He was thinking of the smiling family group who would never gather again on that balcony fronting the snow-capped Alpine peaks, as he had seen them in Minna's big picture. And theirs was but one of the mildest of this grim year's tragedies!

Still moodily preoccupied, Malcolm at last threw himself into the porch swing to watch for Father's coming with the new neighbors. Harold leaned over the railing, anxiously

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scanning the road for the first glimpse of the big car.

"I'll wave hard when they go past, so's the little boy and girl will feel at home," he promised. "There they come now!"

But Father was not flashing by toward the little house; he was turning in at their own driveway, sweeping close up to the terrace.

"Surely that's no Swiss peasant!" whistled Uncle Don at sight of the appealingly slender young woman Father was helping first out of the car.

Mother was already beside them, her hands hospitably extended in greeting. Malcolm could see Father introducing the stranger, explaining and welcoming all in a breath. Mother impulsively caught the lady close in her arms, then with a kind greeting to Minna and her party, she left them to Father's care and eagerly drew her guest up the steps and on into the house. As they passed him, Malcolm got just one instant's glance from the girl's deep brown eyes.

Something in those eyes caught at his heart, an intangible something very different from

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the chivalric tenderness any gentlemanly youth experiences at sight of the weak and sick. It seemed indeed as if the eyes of this wan, frail little lady called out to him—called and promised! Malcolm smiled whimsically at his own imaginings,—he so often expected more from people than they had to give!

Rather uncomfortable over his strangely stirred feelings, the boy turned to Uncle Don. Uncle Don was staring straight ahead, his face, too, unusually moved. Harold, who had run down to welcome Minna and her family and clambered in to ride with Father, was just springing up the walk again as Mother returned to the lower hall and passed the door.

"Will the Red Cross lady be down for dinner?" he demanded.

"No, dear; she is too tired. I have given her the pond-lily room, so we must remember to be very quiet in going through the west hall. Think, boys, she is a Red Cross nurse from right near one of the battle lines!" added Mother, softly.

From one of the battle lines,—Malcolm's

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heart beat quick and high to the thrill of it. No wonder he had felt she was somebody special! What stories she could tell them—horrible, true stories! Might it be that she had also a gift for him, as her sad eyes had seemed to promise, a gift of wisdom that would help him to read the riddle of these troublous times? At least, she brought a whiff of adventure into their quiet, country home.

"Pretty well done out, the brave little thing is," sighed Father over their belated dinner. "She put in some stiff work back there, Grant says; then came down with a fever and won through almost by a miracle. She's from Idaho, so it was out of the question for her to start on home yet; and Grant didn't know of anything better to do than to take her up to the hospital, though that isn't the place for her now—she needs a complete change of environment. Well, he caught sight of me on the dock and sang out—you know Grant's way!—'Thompson, you take this girl straight home with you; I know what your wife will say to it!' " Father smiled confidently across

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at Mother, whose eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"I'd have found it hard to forgive you for waiting to ask me!" she said.

Miss Martin, or the Red Cross lady, as Harold had christened her, came down next day in a soft, frilly white gown in which she reminded Malcolm of a half-open rose from Grandma's garden—one of those fragrant, little, old-fashioned white roses that he and Grandma loved more than all the big, new sorts. She proved to be a delightful guest—though she told them no thrilling war stories.

Instead, whenever she slipped quietly into a group on the porch or in the big living room, everybody instinctively thought of especially pleasant things to talk about. It was not hard, since she was interested in everything from ball and fishing to Baby's latest funny saying. Really interested, you know, not just pretending to be! Besides, all these simple things helped to keep her mind off that other sort of things she did not want to think about. Even Harold and little Claire had noticed that, while the Red Cross lady's

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mouth smiled and laughed just like anybody's, her eyes still were sad, as if *they* could not remember yet quite how to smile.

Nobody would think of Miss Martin as a sorrowful person, though. Baby enjoyed her company so much that she insisted on being with her almost half the time, particularly if there was any prospect of a ride. Malcolm did not fancy Uncle Donald liked that part very well, Claire was such a chatterbox and apt to tell just anything she knew! Uncle Don was having his vacation now, so he took Miss Martin riding nearly every day, either in his own smart runabout or in Mother's low phaeton.

If Father happened to be at home, he would watch them off with a quizzical air of approval. Malcolm heard him telling Mother "it wouldn't be the first time a fellow had his doubts dissolved in the light from a fair woman's eyes!" Malcolm understood Father's inference perfectly. He did not want that, he did not want Uncle just to forget! Somehow, he had clung to the hope that Uncle Donald's thinking was finally going to get them both

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out of their maze of doubt and questioning.

Could *she* tell them anything, this girl who had witnessed such grim tragedy across the sea? In spite of the haunting recollection of her big, dark eyes, there was that something in her face which seemed to give assurance of steadfast, inward tranquility. How Malcolm longed to ask her if she understood any better than his home-keeping elders the problems of these troublous times!

It was the next to the last day of Miss Martin's visit. Malcolm was thinking how they would miss her, almost like one of the family, as he started into the cool, shadowy library. He hesitated at the sound of voices. Evidently Mother and Miss Martin had been in the midst of an intimate conversation for Mother's arm was around the lady and she was leaning against the wing of Mother's chair.

"Oh, it seems as if I could never bear to see a hospital again," cried Miss Martin wearily. "I shall get over the feeling in time, of course," she protested bravely. "But now—how I loathe the familiar sights and sounds and,

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worst of all, the odors! You know no other sense is as intimately associated with memory as smell; and the hospital odors are so pervasive, one recognizes ether, floors away from the operating room. How one whiff of it brings up pictures—pictures!" she swept one thin hand across her face in a quick, shuddering gesture. "There, there, dear hostess, we've brushed them all away!" she interrupted herself gaily and began to discuss her coming trip.

Malcolm suddenly realized that he was eavesdropping and hurried out on the porch where Harold had spread out his playthings for the amusement of the little Switzers.

"Why don't you want to play soldier?" Harold was demanding.

Malcolm listened so intently for the other boy's answer that he did not notice the ladies had followed him until Mother sat down beside him.

"Soldiers are 'no good;' " Louis brought out the bit of slang earnestly. "No, no; I mean not—. Soldiers are good men; my papa was a soldier, good and kind, like yours. But being

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soldier—that is it!" He breathed relievedly. "See, it is like this," explained Louis carefully. "One day a company of soldiers, so handsome, brave,—papas, brothers, uncles. Then, puff! —It is just a great hole where they were. And the mammas, and sisters, and the little children—they are hungry and cold and alone: they cry."

The Swiss boy's halting, precise words; his swift tragic gestures, all made the picture very real to them all. Malcolm felt his Mother's fingers grip his arm convulsively; he himself gazed blindly off across the peaceful sweep of farmland and river. Through a mist he seemed to vision War stalking there unmasked, all the glory and glitter of the monster torn away, and in his wake "just a great hole in the ground."

"What do you play now, in Switzerland?" asked Harold soberly.

"Oh, many things," laughed Louis. "We play climb mountains, steep and high and cold; we build bridges across fast, deep rivers; we lay out railroads so that people can ride and send goods to one another; we put up high

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buildings for many people to live or work in; we are explorers finding out strange things about the world; we are doctors making people well—oh, there are many *good* things to play one does! The teacher says to us, 'Build, boys, build many things: but do not tear down, destroy!' "

Harold sat thoughtful a moment. Suddenly he clapped his hands.

"*Our* soldiers build! They make things worth while, like the Panama Canal, don't they, Mother? They cure sick people, too—all for nothing; and they clean up the dirty cities, so's folks won't get sick so much again. Besides, they taught the poor little Mexican children how to play ball! Malcolm showed me pictures of them doing it. *Our* soldiers are good for something; they're Christian soldiers, aren't they, Mother?"

Mother bowed her head. "They have done some truly Christlike things, my boy. I—I pray they may be real Christian soldiers in the world."

"Amen!" said the Red Cross lady.

Then they all fell to talking with Claire, who

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had just come out with her dolly. Presently Harold and his playmates raced off to the orchard, Mother took Claire in for her nap, and Malcolm was left alone with Miss Martin.

If only he dared put to her some of those tantalizing questions! She was so much stronger now that it ought not to over-excite her; she would surely respect his problems—and help him if she could!

Malcolm had risen and moved restlessly back into the vine-shadowed corner, still debating whether or not to interrogate her, and how to begin, when Uncle Donald, with a jovial greeting for both of them, came out and sat down in Father's favorite hickory chair. Malcolm's first impulse was to go away in disgust, but he reconsidered. Whatever Uncle and the Red Cross lady talked about was likely to be worth listening to. And they would not mind his staying—or, if they did prefer him elsewhere, Malcolm reminded himself dryly that Uncle Donald could be trusted to think up an errand for the inconvenient nephew.

But Miss Martin seemed to be dreaming;

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Uncle Donald sat abstractedly gazing off over the fields; nobody said a word for so long that Malcolm opened his book and became engrossed in it. When at last an exclamation from Uncle Donald attracted his attention, Malcolm realized that, for some time, he had been half conscious of a hum of conversation without heeding what was said. Now, however, he was intent enough. For Uncle Donald's exclamation had been:

"Peace! What is your Christian peace but a lull in the scramble, while each side talks of 'love' and 'God,' and gets ready, behind the screen, to tear the heart out of the next neighbor!"

"*Christian* peace—among nations, is something the world has not yet known," returned the Red Cross lady quietly. "Wherever the Spirit of God is given control over life—there is peace. For centuries individual men and women wrought righteousness, good will, loving kindness; and they have had God's peace within their hearts, a peace that no outward circumstances can destroy. But what *nation* has yet consistently followed those principles?

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There is a promise written in the records of the countries which, most sincerely of any, have sought righteousness, good will, loving kindness toward all men!"

Malcolm sat proudly erect as he thought, with some justification, of his own beloved America.

"It has taken us a long, long time," Miss Martin was continuing musingly, "to learn that the social teachings of the Man of Galilee are not only thoroughly practical but universal in their application. This generation, however, has come to a fairly clear conception of Christian brotherliness, sympathetic cooperation and altruistic service. When we will apply them in world terms, then God's peace shall be established in all the earth."

Uncle Donald looked skeptical; but Malcolm caught an excited tremble in his voice as he suggested, "Then you do not consider war 'an inevitable necessity'? "

"It is not—now," she replied earnestly. "Cities long ago grew beyond the necessity of fortifying each against its next neighbor; and nations are now ready to tread down their

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walls against sister nations: they are ready, if they will but understand! To be sure, it seems as if many of the world's greatest advances could have come, in their time, only after convulsive, revolutionizing struggle. Perhaps our fathers won onward by the only means they could. But oh, the cost of it,—lavish as the building operations of the Pharaohs and the old Assyrian kings! Those ancients reared wonderful treasure cities and royal sepulchers by the sacrifice of countless human lives; today, however, our great builders bridge dizzy chasms and raise colossal skyscrapers by the use of ingenious, labor-saving, safe-guarded machinery.

"Yes, 'it is sweet to die for one's country'; but equally sweet and far more useful to live for her! God's peace, too, demands sacrifice. It is no slightly won, passive condition! Whatever the method of its world application, abiding peace is always the outgrowth of active righteousness, good will, loving kindness. Among strong and forward-looking peoples it means a spirit of fraternal equality, sympathetic coöperation; and toward all

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weak or backward nations that attitude of generous altruism already well-exemplified by individuals toward unfortunate street children. Have we not seen how one strong nation can act as a patient, kindly Big Brother to the weak and erring?

"There are but two fundamental requisites for Christian peace: that we desire it from the heart, and work together under God to obtain it.

"The task is less one of method than of spirit. There must be a deep and wide-spread 'Will-to-Peace,' a readiness to plan, to toil, to sacrifice, that peace may be. Given these, twentieth century creative statesmanship is equal to working out the details. Whatever the machinery of this constructive peace: a stronger Hague Tribunal or a new World Court, World Confederacy, League of Peace and the like, the concrete problems seem to me largely such as have already been worked out on a lesser scale by efficiency engineers."

"You're right; it is a problem in engineering!" burst out Uncle Don excitedly.

"Engineering plus," smiled the Red Cross

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lady. "Only that 'plus'—the sign of the cross! will ever make world peace more than a pleasant dream of the visionaries. The wisest statesmen of all time could not win to an enduring peace by themselves. It is possible only to men who work in conscious, harmonious coöperation with God!"

She paused a moment, tired and breathless, a bright splash of red flaming in each white cheek. "I did not mean to 'preach.' But oh, that I could show you the vision that came to me back there, close to all the horror of hate. A wonderful vision of God's peace that may be—that one day shall be! To think that we may speed its coming," she finished exultantly.

Into Malcolm's mind there flashed, signal-like, a line from his reading: "And the need of a world of men for me!" Miss Martin had not, indeed, categorically answered his questions; better than that, she had roused him by a bugle call to service.

Uncle Don had risen. Standing soldierly erect as he stared at the far line of the horizon, he reminded Malcolm of the picture of an

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old-time knight about to set forth upon his quest. Uncle Don's voice was low and earnest, promising many things, though all he said was, "I thank you, little Red Cross lady!"

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The King's Code

"Honor rooted in dishonor stood"

By Chester A. Miles

I

T was daybreak on an April morning. The fields which stretched far and wide around the castle of Count Godfrey of the Marches, in the Province of Morvan, showed green through sunlit mists; but where young Arnulf, son of Godfrey, walked alone down a woodland path, leading from the Chapel, deep twilight still lingered.

Morvan lay far from Delcour, chief city of the King of Landen whose fief it was, and here, in some simple state, Count Godfrey had been content to abide, a gentle lord to his lieges, a faithful husband, a kind father, a man who had lived a long life blameless in the love and fear of God.

Arnulf, eldest son and heir of the Count and the delight of his eyes, had on the previous

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day celebrated his one-and-twentieth birthday. It had been his great day of life, chiefly because it had witnessed the opening rites of his entrance into knighthood's estate. He had received the bath of purification, and the white robe had been wrapped about him in symbol thereof. This, after hours spent by the novice in deep self-examination, had been exchanged for a blood-red garment typifying the blood once shed for him and all men on Calvary. All day Arnulf had fasted. When night fell a black robe had been given him in place of the red, that so he might be reminded of death, never to be feared by the true knight.

Throughout the hours of the night now passed, Arnulf had kept his vigil in the Chapel of the Marches, alone, in prayer and self-dedication. In his heart he had purged himself of every known sin and vowed that from that hour his soul should know no control but that of his King and of his Master, Christ.

Fasting still, Arnulf had made his confession at the matin hour to the priest, Father Bonamy, and had received the communion of the body and blood of his Lord. The good priest, who

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had known him since his first breath, could not refrain from tears as he laid his hands in blessing on the young head, so poignant was the sense of spiritual passion upon the youth, so solemn the light of consecration upon his face.

"God grant His Spirit to dwell through life within thee, my son, as in this hour."

So Father Bonamy had spoken, but Arnulf, discovered in the familiar face a strange perturbation, and so without further speech he had left the Chapel.

"Father Bonamy loves me," reflected Arnulf, as he now passed alone down the path. "But I comprehend not that tinge as of disquietude in his face. In but three hours more I shall receive the accolade and the full marks of knighthood—my sword and spurs. Until then what can I do so well as read afresh my vows and the admonitions of the book my father gave me yesterday?"

Thus thinking, Arnulf took a small, richly bound volume from his pocket and read diligently from it as he paced alone the path.

The first pages which the youthful candidate

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turned bore the twenty-six articles to which he was about to pledge his sacred oath. Among them, these:—

"(1) *To fear and reverence and serve God religiously, and to die rather than to renounce Christ.*

"(2) *To serve and fight for King and country.*

"(3) *To uphold the rights of the weaker.*

"(4) *To injure no one of malice, or to take what is another's.*

"(5) *That greed, pay or profit shall never constrain me to do any deed, but only glory and virtue.*

* * * * * *

"(8) *To guard the honor of my country.*

"(9) *Never to fight in companies against one, and to eschew all tricks and artifices.*

"(10) *To keep faith inviolably with all the world.*

* * * * * *

"(19) *That in the escort or charge of dame or damsel I shall save her from all danger or insult or die in the attempt.*

* * * * * *

"(23) *To fortify and defend justice with all*

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my power and that without favor or vanity.

* * * * * *

"(26) *Above all things I pledge myself to be faithful, courteous and humble, and never wanting to my word for any harm or loss that might accrue to me.*"

Arnulf closed the book. As he walked he repeated each article of the code to himself, under breath, then murmured, "God give me grace to make it live!"

He opened the book again, turning to a treatise on Knighthood which filled out the tiny volume.

"The true knight," he read, "is eager to expand his heart and to diffuse his wealth to all who approach him. . . . . The being unable to redress wrong is his sole cause for grief. . . . . He is taught that simplicity and modesty alone give a lustre to victory, and he has been directed from a child to be the last who should speak high things and the first who should do them, to be mild among the aged and stout among the brave, and that he can never praise himself too little or others

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too much. . . . . To reverence God and his lady, to abstain from avarice, luxury, revenge, ambition, treachery and lust constitute the knight's Point of Honor, so also to speak utter truth, to be fair to his bitter foe, to show compassion and courtesy alike to foe and friend. . . . . The knight without pity is without worship. . . . ."

II

Now turn we for a moment to consider the state of chivalry in the Realm of Landen to which Morvan belonged.

Generations had now passed since the famous Round Table of King Arthur was dissolved, but, to the glory of Landen, the traditions of Aurthur's knights had been preserved there in the Order of Knights of Nazareth of which the King of the Realm was head.

A succession of princes of the House of Vilvorde, by their valor and boldness, had raised their country into the front rank of nations, and by this means had become the idols of their subjects. But if the devotion of

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the people of Landen to the House of Vilvorde and to its present king—Kyseint—was great, the devotion of the Knights of Nazareth wore an even more ardent complexion. They were the King's friends, his companions-at-arms, his counsellors, his defenders, his missioners—each man a *preux chevalier* vowed to his King's service, as to the service of God and country.

In order to sustain the Order in undiminished vigor, once in five years the ten eldest knights withdrew from active service, while ten young knights were simultaneously chosen by King and Order acting together, from the noble families of Landen. To be of this chosen ten became at each recurring period the secret hope and aspiration of every noble youth in the Realm, the supremest honor and privilege attainable.

Such honor, little as he dreamed it, was about to be bestowed upon young Arnulf.

III

Lifting his eyes from his book Arnulf now saw advancing down the path Count Godfrey

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himself, firm of step if grey of hair. To the morning greeting the father added, "This is to be the greatest day of life Arnulf for thee—a greater day than thou or any of us have ever thought to see."

Without reply, Arnulf's eyes glanced a keen question. Godfrey smiled.

"Who is to bestow upon thee the accolade in the Chapel yonder three hours hence, my lad?"

"The Abbot of Andelot of a surety, my father, seeing he came all the way hither two days since for the express purpose."

"Very well, but better yet is to be thy portion."

"Better . . . . . ?"

"Yes. Since last evening when thy vigil in the Chapel yonder began, we have been favored to receive at the Castle guests, most illustrious guests, who have come all the way from Delcour in thy behoof. Yes, boy, the choice of our liege lord the King falls upon thee. Thou art called, — one of the ten who this year enter upon the Order of the Knights of Nazareth. His Majesty

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sends the Bishop of St. Leger to confer upon thee the accolade. He brings with him a marvellous retinue to grace the ceremonial. Among them even are certain of the ten young Knights, thy fellow candidates, on their way also to Delcour. These form a worthy company with which my son will, tomorrow, set out for the Court of the King."

With this, fast and vigil, prayer and solitary meditation for Arnulf had an end for, returning with his father to the castle, he found it alive with a brilliant concourse of knights and courtiers. Good cheer, light jesting, song and laughter filled all the precincts of the stern old chateau. Then followed the service of Arnulf's knighting. This was worthily performed and with great solemnity by the Bishop of St. Leger, but it was the solemnity of pomp and ceremonial rather than of consecration. So it seemed at least to the young knight himself as he rose from the Chapel pavement with spurs on his heels and a sword at his side, and at once found himself acclaimed Sir Arnulf. A still voice in his heart murmured, it had been

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better that all these fine folk had come with their noisy gratulations a day later.

Arnulf received the honeyed homage of the courtiers none the less with good grace, little guessing that on all sides they were whispering together that in very deed this was the goodliest of the ten young knights just chosen from the whole Realm of Landen, the finest man to look upon and,—for all his simplicity,—the stateliest.

On the long journey to Delcour Arnulf rode oftenest with the two young gentlemen who were his companions as candidates for the Order of the Knights of Nazareth. Of these, the elder, Sir Corwen, had been knighted full two years since, but the younger, Sir Hubert, had but now received sword and spurs.

Yet ever and again as they went forward, with no seeking of his own, Arnulf found himself riding beside the milk-white palfrey of his grace, the Bishop. The prelate seemed ready to enlighten the young knight as far as he might on all matters regarding the life before him at Delcour.

In some mysterious way, however, Arnulf

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found with each occasion of this kind that a sense of soreness and anxiety grew heavier within him. But this he knew to keep to himself better than he knew to discern its ground, save only that he divined the Bishop to be a man of subtlety, and one whose intent it might not be always easy to follow.

It chanced that Arnulf and the Bishop, riding together on the third morning, were separated from the rest of the company and as they entered upon the borders of the Duchy of Mostyn they found themselves riding on alone save that each was attended by a single squire.

But, as they galloped through a deep glade in the ancient Forest of Dinas, both Arnulf and the Bishop heard a loud but melodious cry for help. Dashing ahead through an obscure side path Arnulf, to his amazement, came face to face upon a very young and very beautiful lady in snow-white riding gear, standing alone in the green, sunbeam-checkered shade. At her feet lay at full length a fair steed whose slender limbs were now strangely still, then, anon, convulsed as by inner anguish.

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Saluting the lady with diffidence, Arnulf, saying no word, bent and searched the body of the suffering beast, then turned to listen to the lady who told how she had been hunting with friends and, being left behind for a little space by them, had put her horse at a gallop through the forest bypath, the quicker to overtake them. Then, but a moment since, the creature had plunged forward, stumbling upon the trunk of a fallen tree, had thrown her from the saddle, then fallen, in this present plight. She herself was unhurt, but greatly frightened as Arnulf pereeived. He then said, "Go you, if so you will, Madam, a little apart, for needs be I must put your steed out of her misery."

Arnulf spoke as one who knows surely and acts without more todo, but the lady's eyes flashed startled contradiction and she cried out swift command of denial, the horse being her own, her favorite, her pet and plaything.

"But, Madam, both knees are broken. It is little kindness to leave her to suffer since nothing can mend her or ease her anguish."

The lady's eyes searched Arnulf's face, then

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suddenly their clearness was veiled by a shower of tears.

"Sir, can I trust you?" she asked.

"You can trust me," Arnulf answered simply, and knew not why a thrill of prescience ran through him with the words.

The Bishop himself coming then to confirm Arnulf's judgment the young knight was left alone to do that which must needs be.

When he rejoined the others on the road shouts and bugle notes ringing through the glade told of the approach of the lady's following. Yet even as the Bishop and young knight took their courteous leave, Arnulf found his eyes held in thrall by the eyes of the lady. In them dwelt the shadow of a child's impetuous sorrow, but through the shadow shone withal a light which, to the young man, was more beautiful than the light of day. And so, as they galloped forward, Arnulf felt his heart beating high and his very breath quickened, for well he knew that a master passion had now wakened within him, a somewhat which served to touch himself and all the world to sudden glory. It was then that he vowed his

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knightly faith and homage to the unknown damsel making her, even though he should never again behold her, his soul's queen, as was the wont of knights in that day. But presently his thoughts were broken in upon by the voice of St. Leger and to Arnulf's ear some strain of mocking lay below his words.

"Sir, the dame you have succored is well known for her beauty as for her piteous circumstance, since she is the wedded wife of the Duke of Mostyn, a man of whom all the world knows that he is misshapen of body and malignant of mind. The Lady Beatrix is of Italian birth and, having never seen his grace and knowing not his state, she was moved by craft and false pretence to the marriage, as I have heard ere this. But her ladyship did I never set eyes on until this day."

With this, silence fell between the two and for long space the Bishop seemed lost in heedful musing.

IV

It was now the seventh day since Sir Arnulf and his companions had reached the city of

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Delcour. The great day had come on which they were to be presented to the King, whom as yet they had not seen, and received by the Knights of Nazareth.

The young men had been housed in much state in a house belonging to the royal palace, yet apart. There had been bestowed upon them rich armor and splendid raiment. To each had been allotted six horses and six body servants and in nothing were they permitted to serve themselves, save in gaming and jousting in the palace tennis courts.

It befell that, on the second day after arrival in Delcour, Arnulf rising early and passing alone through silent alleys of the royal gardens, had seen at a distance in a pleasance screened from view by close-clipped hedges, a man who strode backward and forward alone, as one in deep thought. By reason of his great height, Arnulf saw the man plainly from the shoulders upward and his features were made the more discernible by the rays of the morning sun which fell full upon his face. Arnulf straightway turned back,

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caring not to observe any person who believed himself unobserved. Moreover, there was in the eyes of this solitary man a look of crafty scheming and upon his mouth a vulture's greed. In a way which Arnulf could not interpret, the sight of this man seemed to cloud for him the fair beauty of the morning.

The ten novices, who together awaited their initiation into the famous Order, had become shortly right merry comrades together. Without title and surname they were known to one another as Arnulf, Corwen and Hubert, Adrian, Berwind, Richard, Basil, Ralph, Michael and Phillip,—all good men and true.

On every side in Delcour men by the thousand were at work building wider walls, more massive towers and castles, while many thousands more brought night and day without ceasing into the city the merchandise discharged at the port by great ships sent from far countries. Embassies from foreign princes to the Court of King Kyseint enlivened the streets continually with brilliant cavalcades, giving token of the rising puissance of his Realm.

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Of the magnificence displayed throughout Court and City of Delcour these youths, certain excepted, had never before so much as dreamed. Some were dazzled by what they beheld, others much exhilarated, one or two only found themselves, they knew not why, oppressed.

But the day had come. Clad in light armor with ornaments of silver, without helmet or shield, the ten candidates were ushered by heralds into the Hall of Knights, a vast chamber, whose roof seemed little lower than the sky. The walls were hung with matchless tapestry; and a hundred stalls of carved wood encircled the place. Over each stall hung a gorgeous banner bearing the insignia of the knight to whom it was appropriated.

Within the circle thus formed stood a mighty table of polished wood shining like a silver mirror, around whose outer rim were ranged ninety silver shields and helmets, belonging to the ninety knights who stood, each before his stall, uncovered, all goodly men in the prime of life.

At the head of the hall, on a dais, was the throne and upon it, tall and kingly, sat King

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Kyseint in robes of state. Behind the King were ranged near to forty elder men robed in white, as just judges, these being the knights who had from time to time withdrawn from the activities of the Order in favor of young successors, and who now served their King as counsellors solely. At the foot of the hall facing the throne ten stalls stood empty and devoid of banners.

The ceremonies of inauguration now followed in brilliant and imposing ritual. The ten retiring knights advanced and met at the foot of the hall their ten successors, each receiving his charge at the hands of a herald who proclaimed aloud his title and degree. This done he led him to the foot of the throne, and presented him kneeling to the King. After a wild outburst of martial music had ceased, the King in each case lifted the young knight to his feet when placing before him his own cross-handled sword for his kiss, he administered the oath of fealty to himself and of implicit obedience to his direction as sole lord and governor of person and life. The oath couched in phrases of uttermost solemnity, held the

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very breath of all who heard, on each fresh repetition.

Each candidate having rendered his oath, received shield and helmet from his armor-bearer and so passed to the stall assigned him at the foot of the hall, a herald following bearing a freshly embroidered silk banner which displayed his proper cognizance.

Such, in brief, was the ceremony in its essential features. At the close, in solemn silence, beginning with the Knights-Counsellors, every man present passed out of the room save the King himself and the ten just initiated.

When Arnulf had approached the throne preparatory to taking his oath he had been startled by the fancy that he recognized in him who sat upon it the man whom he had on one certain morning beheld in the royal pleasance, the man whose aspect had strongly repelled him. An instant later this fancy was rejected and forgotten, for upon the countenance of the King rested a look lofty, benign, and withal so religious that all resemblance to the nameless stranger was dissolved in it.

And now, the doors being closed, Arnulf

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watched breathless as the King with quick, imperious motions divested himself of his ceremonial robes and symbols and, clad in armor of severest plainness, stepped bareheaded, to the level of the floor. Standing at the table's head he beckoned to the youths to approach and by a sign forebade their kneeling.

"Stand fair sirs," he exclaimed, "and face me. Look neither to right nor left but listen as for your hope of life and fair name to what I say. You are young. You do not know life. You do not know the world. You do not even faintly comprehend the matters and issues of a mighty kingdom. Learn of me and of my counsellors this, for the corner stone of your life spent in the service of the Realm:—To the Realm,—that is the kingdom of Landen, the kingship of the house of Vilvorde,—is due your supreme allegiance. Each of you has taken his own private religious vows of Christian knighthood before this present day, vows demanding the ancient virtues of gentleness, fidelity, sincerity, honor. This is well. But it remains your own matter, not the matter of the Realm. You have now in your oath of today

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pledged yourselves to work to the last reach of will and power for this Realm. Your oath may seem to require of you practices and principles the opposite at times of what you have hitherto known as proper to knighthood. Should this be so you are not the less bound to obey without question or cavil. Private honor is your own concern; public honor is mine. Make no mistake! As men it behooves you to live by your knightly code; as subjects, by the code of your King, so to advance, by whatever measures are appointed you, the glory and might of the Realm. Such is the law of all kingdoms which attain supremacy."

Arnulf, whose eyes never flinched from the face of King Kyseint while he spake these words, observed how a deep red line, no wider than a cord, suddenly showed itself across his face, but little below the eye sockets. This line,—as it appeared, a scar although hitherto invisible,—deepened to crimson and then to purple as the King's speech grew more imperious. Then, at the end of his speaking, it faded from sight.

But as his eyes studied the face of King

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Kyseint thus closely it became known to Arnulf beyond peradventure that he saw again him who had walked once at sunrise alone in the King's pleasance, the man of the cold eyes and the cruel mouth. His heart misgave him.

As Arnulf moved in line with his fellows to the outer entrance of the Hall of Knights which gave upon a quiet cloister, he felt a touch on his shoulder and beheld that it was the King himself who detained him. As the others passed out and dispersed, his Majesty questioned Arnulf concerning himself, his father, his way of life.

Passing down the dim aisle of the cloister they encountered the Bishop of St. Leger, who, having done reverence to his royal master, gave Arnulf kindly greeting in which the youth discerned subtle hint of dismissal. As he turned to go he heard King Kyseint comment,

"No doubt the man of whom you made mention, my lord Bishop. He may well serve my turn."

To which the Bishop replied, as Arnulf could but hear,—

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"With time, Sire, but with much time."

V

A year and a month had gone by. In an embrasure of a window in an ante-chamber set apart in the palace of Delcour for use of the ten youngest knights of the Order of Nazareth, two men talked together. Without was driving rain and for all it was May the day was chill and bleak. Sir Corwen, grown lean and dark of visage in the year, stretched long legs upon the bench and looked with a somewhat gloomy smile at his companion, Ralph.

"Yes, yes, my lad," he said, with the air of one to whom the subject under discussion has become irksome, "you may call it a privilege to see service in the King's army, but I would throw over my work for yours today were leave given me."

Perplexity sat visible on the open features of the young knight Ralph at these words, for Corwen had but now returned from a victorious campaign undertaken by King Kyseint into a country far to the north, and,

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it was freely said, had covered himself with glory. Two others of the ten had gone forth with the King's army, Basil and Richard, but these had remained behind to aid certain older Knights of the Order in holding governance over the conquered land. Corwen had been bidden to return with the King's own body guard. Young Ralph, who found himself consumed with honest envy at his comrade's distinction in arms and in the sight of the King, expressed his amazement in strong terms.

"If you would change your life for mine," he concluded, "you can have small notion of what I have been given for a task these last six months. With the week's end I must return to it moreover and that most ungladly. On my soul, no man need envy me!"

"But we all envy you youngster—for without doubt the gentlest and smoothest office among us—save Arnulf's—is yours—to keep our Lord King in constant favor and good remembrance at the friendly court of St. Mark."

A smile which came close to a sneer passed

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over young Ralph's lips. He nodded as in satirical acquiescence, then broke out with vehemence.

"Yes—so it looks from outside," he whispered hotly and low, glancing behind him to see that no man beside had entered the antechamber,—"but in very truth what I am set to do Corwen, is to hearken to every word spoken by the lips of the prince my host, his counsellors and his courtiers and to send back tidings of aught which may disclose either the weakness or the strength of their kingdom. More,—nay, do not seek to silence me now for speak I must, although on my honor to you alone,—I have to listen at keyholes, good my friend, I, the son of my father, a Knight of Nazareth,—like a scullery maid at a kitchen door. I have to pick up secrets of the palace, how small and mean soever, and bring them back to the ears of his Majesty. I have even been bidden to pilfer secret papers if I can. Is that a knightly mission? Answer me now!"

The countenance of Ralph was stained with a dark flush and his words came fast and furious. For a moment Corwen spoke not at

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all in answer, then smiling and coolly he remarked,

"Our Hubert fills the same office at the Court of Ancre. Belike it suits him little better, who can say? But it is upon missions even such as these that the greatness of the Realm of Landen and the House of Vilvorde must be built."

"It shames me to listen to word like that," returned Ralph, fiercely. "I deny it."

"Quiet yourself, boy," said Corwen more seriously, "your part and Hubert's are but child's play, as is my own, to the work of the elders of our Order. Theirs is to work below ground in every kingdom, far and near, with which we now have peaceful relations. They must enmesh women in intrigue and dishonor, suborn men to sedition, bribe them to treason, hire them even to secret assassination. They must incite whole armies to discontent and mutiny, they must undermine thrones. Such is the work of the elder and abler among us."

"In God's name, brother, why are the knights appointed to do these things?"

"See you not? It is for the greatness of our

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Realm that all rival kingdoms become rotten at heart, that so, when the time comes to strike a blow in open enmity they may straightway fall, even as a tree which, though noble of size and tough of bark, is eaten out by rot within. Or, to put it more plainly, our Lord King seeks to hold every rival power by the throat that so, if need require, he may throttle it."

"Knows our Arnulf the perfect, gentle knight, that the case stands thus?"

Corwen shook his head, his face grew gentler.

"God send not yet!" he muttered. "But I have not seen him you know since returning to Delcour," and Corwen rose impatiently.

"It would break his heart," young Ralph responded; then, with a quick change, he cried, "But you of a certainity, my Corwen, have been spared these detestable intrigues! You have been called to fair fight in the open for a good cause, such warfare as leaves a man's sword and soul alike untarnished."

For a full minute Corwen looked Ralph steadily in the face, and, as he looked, the

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hue of his own face slowly changed to a livid pallor.

"Untarnished!" he sighed then under breath. "Does the massacre of little children, of helpless women, of aged men leave a man's sword untarnished? Does it leave his soul untarnished when he must set his knaves to plunder other men's goods, to burn to the ground the churches and the dwellings of humble folk powerless to defend them—"

As he said these last words Corwen suddenly broke off, for some one was entering the antechamber. It was Sir Phillip, most facile and courtly of the younger men—one who, as born of a long line of Knights of Nazareth, was better versed than his mates in their aims and procedures.

Phillip sang as he came a merry song. He greeted Corwen gaily.

"Home from the wars my gallant warrior! 'Faith you have grown lean in the service of your country. You must rest for a space and seek your better health and cheer in the presence of our ladies and the light of their smiles. Women know best how to wreathe

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garlands for the head of Valor. Is it not so, Ralph? . . . . . And now have you heard, both of you or either, what is forward next in Landen?"

Corwen and Ralph admitted ignorance.

"Per Dieu, a costly bit of gossip and a sworn secret among ourselves! His Majesty is making ready for attack upon the Duchy of Mostyn. Summer is to see this most noble crusade begun—and finished."

"But why do we move against the Duke of Mostyn, our good neighbor?" inquired Ralph. "His is a small Duchy and an inconsiderable one whose conquest could bring us little glory, less gain."

"Also we have no quarrel with Mostyn," commented Corwen soberly.

"This is indeed virgin soil!" cried Phillip, spreading wide his arms in a gesture of mock admiration. "Innocence sits supreme on each countenance before me! Children, I would fain enlighten you. By the conquest of Mostyn we should have marvellous great reward, and for vengeance upon Mostyn we have conspicuous cause."

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For a moment Phillip watched the wonder and uncertainty on the faces of his friends, then declared,

"The Duke of Mostyn is very rich, although his lands are small in extent. He has inherited enormous treasure, fabulous even, it is said. Where does he keep it? That is the supreme secret."

"Even so," interposed Ralph, "what quarrel has our Lord King with him of Mostyn? To be rich is not in itself *casus belli*."

"Hark! His grace of Mostyn, himself a loathsome cripple, has a peerless wife, and a virtuous. He who has once seen the Lady Beatrix has no more need to look upon the face of angels. Our Lord King has looked upon her,—the issue being the red scar you discern at certain moments across his Majesty's face,—a scar made by a whiplash held in a lady's hand on a day two years ago."

"Hush!"

It was Corwen whose low, urgent cry admonished Phillip to silence. Again the door was opened and through the dusk of the chamber behind them the tall figure of Arnulf

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advanced towards the window. Corwen sprang to meet him and greetings of honest affection passed between the two. Then presently, the hour waxing late, Phillip and Ralph departed to make ready for the King's table soon to be served. These two, Corwen and Arnulf, thus were left together. It was quickly agreed between them that they would absent themselves from the feast in the King's presence, but, being well served by pages, they soon had between them a well-furnished table on which a dozen candles were lighted.

When the flush of gladness had faded from the face of Arnulf, Corwen's keen eyes took note of changes upon it, set by the months passed since they had parted. The boyish frankness and freedom seemed gone, and in their place appeared something of dogged submission, not a little discontent and a sternness surprising on so young a face. Their talk ranged over the course of Corwen's campaigning, then fell to comment and question upon Arnulf's life during the year spent at Delcour. Arnulf declared that he had naught to narrate since he had never drawn his sword

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since it was given him, nor had any mission been intrusted him, save to guard the King's person when he tarried in the palace. His time, he said, was spent,—he hardly knew why, for it was not with his own good will,—chiefly in the company of the ladies of the Court.

"In short, good friend, I have become willy nilly, a carpet knight—nothing more glorious," thus Arnulf summed up his brief story, disfavor on his lip and weariness in his voice.

Then through their talk came the sound of steps without the door and to them entered his grace the Bishop of St. Leger, an arrival which found small favor with Arnulf, as Corwen perceived by the frown between his brows. Nevertheless, both men rose as was meet, made their reverence and offered the prelate place and service at the board.

"My thanks, fair Sirs," answered the Bishop, "but to sup with you suits not my turn tonight and maybe to linger here longer may suit Sir Arnulf's case even less. I am sent hither, young Sir, by our Lord King to bestow upon you a weighty mission,—nothing less than an embassage to the ducal court of

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his grace of Mostyn. Upon this you are to start tomorrow morn."

The blood sprang to Arnulf's cheeks, fire to his eyes. But with sudden misgiving he said,

"I have heard mention in hall, your grace, that his Majesty might even contemplate hostilities against the Duchy of Mostyn. It were an errand little suited to my mind to serve notice of war upon a realm so friendly and withal so much weaker than our own. Howsoever, what King Kyseint commands—"

"Have no fear in this behoof, Sir Arnulf," interposed St. Leger with urgency, albeit as he spoke he glanced dubiously aside at Corwen who, noting the glance, made haste to withdraw.

"There was, it is true," then continued the Bishop, "some little gossip around the court a while since such as you mention. But they who deemed possible such assault upon a weaker and a friendly neighbor like Mostyn, little know the generous mind of our master the King. There has been, it may be admitted, a difference of opinion between himself and the

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Duke regarding the frontier, both in the matter of line and defenses, but, after long study, his Majesty is able to discover peaceful solution of these differences. It is to negotiate these peaceful measures that you, noble Sir, are to be sent to the ducal Court—an honor, I may say, whose like was never to my knowledge conferred upon so young a knight of the Order."

VI

The moon flooded the terrace of the ducal palace of Mostyn with liquid silver. The June night was of marvellous softness and in the fragrant bosket below nightingales poured out a flood of song as silvery as the moon's light. Against the marble parapet two persons leaned, the Duchess of Mostyn, Lady Beatrix, and Sir Arnulf, royal missioner from his Majesty of Landen. They were unattended. Both were young and the beauty of the young knight's manhood was not less than the loveliness of the lady; and, although their hearts were drawn together with might,

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their purposes were as pure as the heart of a child.

But, the bright hours of day being ever given to the chase in the Forest of Dinas where first they had met, the twain found much food for quiet communion together in hours like this,—high themes of duty, of valor and devotion. During a month Arnulf had now been guest of Lady Beatrix, and deeper with every day had grown the young man's worship dedicated to her long since as he rode on his journey to Delcour. Each day he had expected recall from his King, who had commanded him to remain until sent for, but, although his mission was fully accomplished, Arnulf received, to his infinite content, no recall.

However, two days since the Bishop of St. Leger, being on his way to a distant city, had appeared upon the scene with his retinue and had accepted the hospitality of Lady Beatrix for a single night, departing this selfsame morning. With him Arnulf had had long conference, in which the prelate had praised his wisdom and discretion in all that

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he had done. In leaving he had disclosed to Arnulf the wish of the King that in another seven days he should set out on his homeward way.

"You have performed your mission wisely and well, my son," was the Bishop's final word; "now let all business of state go. Give yourself to such youthful pleasures as befit your condition and show yourself above all things the devoted servant of the Lady Beatrix, for such is the King's good pleasure."

As the Bishop fared forth leaving this injunction upon him, Arnulf felt his heart as light as air and the strong impulses proper to his young manhood sprang lustily to life. Nevertheless his love for the Lady Beatrix, being first of all a religious passion, his mind was fixed to keep it so and to put down temptation under his feet.

Now, as they two stood alone together amid the mystic lights and shadows of the summer night, a page approached them and placed in Arnulf's hands a sealed letter, saying that it had been brought back from the border by hand of a servitor of the Bishop of St. Leger

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with word that it should be read alone and privately by its recipient.

Arnulf put away the letter saying lightly that there could be no haste to read a missive sent on such terms. But Lady Beatrix declared that as it was the time of her evening visit to her husband, the Duke, in his solitary sick room, she would leave her guest now to his loneliness and his letter and return anon. With this she vanished as lightly as the moonbeams which crossed the terrace, and some moments later, candles having been sent for his convenience, Arnulf broke the several seals of the Bishop's letter and read. It ran as follows:—

"Secret Instructions:

To the Most Noble Knight, Arnulf of the Marches:—

The time has come for the entire command of his Majesty to be laid upon you. It runs thus: you are to win the full favor of her you love, which will be given you freely. That in heart the lady is yours already I am now satisfied. When her full confidence is won,

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make it point of life or death to yourself as also of her fair fame that she give you the secret of where concealed lies her consort's great treasure. Remain if need be two weeks or even more, but dare not return to Delcour with the end unaccomplished for which in very deed you were sent. The King's army is held back only awaiting your intelligence.

St. Leger."

* * * * * *

When in an hour, the moonlight still flooding the terrace, the Lady Beatrix returned and with strangely beating heart looked its length and breadth, she could nowhere discern the form of her knightly guest, nor did her eyes ever again rest upon him.

Next morning's light showed upon the terrace floor, scattered, torn bits of parchment, which appeared as if ground to shreds under a man's heel. A groom of the stables told of hearing strange noises in the night to which he had given little heed at the time. But Arnulf's stoutest horse was gone from his place.

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VII

Again it was the great day of festival at the palace of Delcour. For the fifth time since the ceremonies of initiation had been enacted for Sir Arnulf of the Marches and his fellows, the same ritual was to be performed.

In the Hall of Knights the scene repeated itself without change, save for that made by time on human faces. King Kyseint, who sat now, as then, upon the throne, was white of hair, sunken and shriveled of body, but the same high look of benignity was stamped upon his face, as of old, on this occasion. All proceeded according to the familiar and imposing ritual, but when the ten young knights, the heroes of the present hour, were led down the hall's length to their seats at the foot, a great stir swept them all, for of the ten stalls awaiting them, the one which most directly faced the throne was discovered to be not empty. In it sat one whose bare sandaled feet and tonsured head, as well as his rough serge habit, showed him to be a monk of the Order of St. Benedict. Stillness suddenly

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hushed the stir of excitement. With one accord all eyes were fixed upon the figure of the Monk and upon his face, which, emaciated and stamped with the lines of the ascetic life long followed, yet awoke in the breasts of certain there present a disquieting sense of recognition, as it had been that of one risen from the dead.

A sudden noise of protest and menace broke forth against the intruder. The King, however, rose slowly to his feet and with a hand outstretched commanded attention. But men were not looking at the King; it was upon the Monk, who had risen also in his place, that their eyes were riveted. He too, lifted his right hand with a gesture whose command none might gainsay, and all stood in silence.

He spoke, and each man listened as for his life, he knew not why. It was to King Kyseint that the Monk first spoke, his voice ringing through the hall like an organ peal.

"Woe unto thee, Kyseint, who hast slain the fair honor of knighthood, who hast corrupted chivalry and made it name for an unworthy thing!

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"Woe unto thee, who hast set before thy young men a double code—honor in private dealing, dishonor in affairs of the Realm. Thy code is as a canker which has eaten out the heart of thy kingdom, that, for all its proud seeming, it shall fall.

"Woe unto all you who have set forth, as needful to the greatness of a Christian Realm, weapons of warfare, of violence, cruelty, betrayal, chicane, treachery, lust of gold and lust of flesh.

"Ye call yourselves Knights of Nazareth, but your knighthood also is eaten out by the unseen canker, and the teachings of the Man of Nazareth have ye trampled under your feet.

"I who speak unto you am Arnulf, once Knight of your Order, and King's missioner; now by Christ's grace for twenty years His missioner to lepers of the coast of Africa, to whom I return.

"Thou, King Kyseint, in the day of my innocence and my youth, didst will to damn my soul to the bottomless abyss of infamy, so to glut thine own unclean lust for vengeance and for another's gold. I escaped out of thy

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toils, fleeing as for life from strong temptation.

"Today, I return, but for this sole moment. I come solemnly to challenge you, ye ten young knights, upon whom virtue still perchance may rest:—Reject mightily, with the help of God, the foul lie hatched in hell that ye are called to serve two masters, truth for yourselves, falsehood for the Realm; to seek for yourselves high and generous deeds, for the Realm, the robber grasp of greed most selfish, most hideous.

"When this lie is cast out, then, and never until then, shall Kingdom of earth be truly Christian, truly great or enduring. Then, and not until then, shall there be peace on earth, or among men good will, good faith and fair charity."

Before the solemn challenge of the Monk, King Kyseint had stood speechless and trembling, the scar below his eyes showing as a white cord across the crimson which dyed his countenance. And now, with a loud cry as of a soul's despair, he was seen to fall headlong at the foot of the throne.

For a little space tumult filled the hall.

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When it ceased it had been perceived that the King was dead and that the Monk had vanished.

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The Iron Cross

By James Church Alvord

HAD wandered around Strassburg all the afternoon, it was my first visit, returning to my quarters in the old Nunnery wearied to the bone. The march of the night had been ferocious, fifty miles with knapsacks and weapons, no horses for anybody below the rank of major at that; and there was no reason for hurry. Somebody is always doing that sort of fool thing in our army, yanking the men along at the pace that kills when there's no place to go to and no haste about reaching it. Just as I managed a comfortable sprawl on the poor-excuse-for-a-lounge which failed to decorate my office, Sievald marched stiffly in. Sievald out-militaries militarism.

"Captain, your new orderly," he announced and saluted, the way a mowing-machine might do it.

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"Lug him in," I bawled, cross at the interruption.

The new orderly entered.

Now it would be absurd to say that I was awed, a gentleman isn't awed by his servant; but I was—well—impressed. The man was rigged in his regimentals as my soldier, having accepted the white coat and apron before he had seen me; he stood a ghostly figure in the fading glow. Behind him the lone tower of Strassburg's Cathedral was visible through the window, springing out of a flood of saffron light, etching itself against the western sky; a rush of human desire towards the Divine, it seemed, a solid prayer hacked from granite and chiselled with individual petitions all the way up. And the man belonged to it in some strange way. He was august, stately, not tall but with a slenderness that gave height, and with intense eyes—Jewish eyes smoldering under auburn hair—which added to the aloofness of his aspect. He towered when he didn't tower at all. I sprang to my feet and was furiously angry with myself for having done so.

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"What is your name?" I demanded.

"Josephsohn, Honorable Sir."

"And your age?"

"Thirty-two, Captain."

"Where do you come from?"

"I am a Jew—and I come from—everywhere."

He sighed as he said the last and then smiled softly to himself. I started to ask him his town, his district; but there was something that kept me still, I don't know what it was. I can't analyze the man at all. He was, and is, a mystery to me, something I didn't like, almost dreaded.

"I wish you'd strip that cursed apron off," I snorted. "It makes you look altogether too fantastic. Then you can get to work on my regimentals, they're in the other room and no end dirty."

The new orderly bowed and passed softly into the chamber.

He was a good fellow and a good servant, Josephsohn, if he did come from everywhere; but he had stiff principles and I was forced to punish him more than once. The first time

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came at the execution of a spy, a confounded Frenchy who had been discovered masquerading among the ranks. He spoke German like a native—Frenchman; but then there's no end of men from Alsace-Lorraine who hug to a Parisian accent on their Prussian, so his soft elisions had not counted. He was caught with maps and photographs, caught acid-handed in his tent at development. He was shot that noon. Josephsohn was in the firing squad and I had charge of the execution. My man marched in with the other five, took his place with a precision beautiful to see—he was a superb soldier at the drill—then lowered his gun.

"What do you mean by this conduct, Josephsohn?" I shouted. "Present arms—ready——"

He kept his weapon pointed to the ground.

"What do you mean by this, Josephsohn?" I howled again.

"It is written, Honorable Sir, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"But you are a soldier."

He twisted suddenly around and faced me

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squarely. "I am not a soldier by choice," he spoke gently but proudly, "I was drafted, hauled here though my mother plead for mercy down all the long village street, though all the village knows that I belong to The-Brothers-of-Peace, that we do not kill, that we are forbidden to take human life. I did not come voluntarily—I will not kill—I will not kill."

"I'll have you flogged."

"I will not kill, Captain."

I sent for two burly young peasants from another company, had him tied up against the very wall where the execution was to have taken place, then ordered him flogged. The peasants, rough brutes from the hills, laid on the lashes with a hearty will; but all that orderly of mine said was this,—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." It made me mad clear through to hear that illiterate, insensate hunk of flesh praying for me and against every tradition for which I stood. It was the prayer of the dough-face, of the sickly sentimental school of ethics. No man accepts it. It is the code of old maids.

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Finally I released him, his back all scored and bleeding.

"Now, men," I commanded, "you five that are left—do your duty!"

The whole five lowered their rifles, pointing to the ground, on their faces a set, bigoted, sappy sort of look.

"Present arms!" I stamped my foot, but not a man obeyed.

"Shall we flog 'em, Honorable Sir?" inquired my young peasants, with a grin. But I sent them to quarters to await court-martial. After that we shot the spy. Yet the picture of Josephsohn, standing there with the scarlet trickle oozing down his back, left a shudder in my mind. The man wore an abnormally long white shirt, which he had stripped from his back and which hung, dabbled with blood, almost to his feet; he resembled a certain painting by Rubens—a world-famous painting—I did not enjoy that resemblance. I am orthodox, I believe very fully in my creed—no, I did not feel comfortable for I had seen the picture many times.

That night Josephsohn made ready my bed

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and cleaned my sword with perfect punctuality. He limped slightly; but he offered no reference to the occurrence of the afternoon, nor did I. The peasant is sullen, still he forgets. I felt sure that we had had enough of this rebellion, the no-fight spirit had been scourged out of this humble creature. To prove him I found fault with the polish on my sword—he really was a supremely good servant—and he said nothing; I slapped him roughly across the cheek, I wished to teach him to stand round in little things the better to curb him on the big.

The amazing creature turned the other cheek. I slapped that.

At a little hamlet outside of Brussels Josephsohn did us a surprising service. I had never suspected him of an ability to speak French, he did not look educated, seemed the simplest of the simple; was in fact the son of a village carpenter. That item I had gleaned from him, for he was expert with tools. Something went wrong in the town, so the General was forced to order the execution of the burgomaster; to make it impressive, we hung him

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on a Haman-like gallows hastily patched together in the central square. The people were furious. Lieutenant Sievald was for shooting them down by the squad. A breach of discipline among the commoners he considered it and all breaches-of-discipline with him were worthy of death; but he did not get his way. All the afternoon the men growled around the great square, an odd place, with its low Dutch homes, its decorated beams protruding everywhere and anywhere, its squat church and its community-house all massed over with Gothic lace-work, the very latest intertwinings of arches from the latest moment of the Gothic decadence. The men were picturesque themselves, having as strong a predilection for red shirts as their women had for huge white caps. In the late evening succeeded a strange silence, a silence that palpitated with emotion—I looked out from my window.

There stood Josephsohn, above a bonfire that blazed at the foot of the scaffold on which still dangled the body of the burgomaster. Even as he spoke, for the fellow was orating,

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he held that grisly corpse in one fond arm, he touched it with a reverence that fairly glowed. I could not hear his sermon, but caught stray phrases now and again.

"Brothers," he called them over and over again, "blood of our blood," and then he cried aloud that our soldiers, too, loathed the war, were driven to it by centuried hates and superstitions, that the men who marched in the ranks around him had been stolen from their fields, that two wrongs do not make a right, two murders a sanctity. "When you are beaten, don't strike back, my brothers," he cried, "my poor, wronged brothers!" I heard no more. Late at night the red-shirts went home, soberly, quietly, murmuring soft talk as they passed. Their wooden shoes clattered over the cobbles of the pavement, then faded into distance——

I called Josephsohn to my room.

"You have done very well," I said, "and shall have a corporal's place."

"If you please, Captain, I don't wish to be a corporal."

"You prefer to stay with me—I thank you,

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Josephsohn; but you shall have a decoration."

"If you please, Captain, I don't wish a decoration."

"You don't like war, Josephsohn?"

"Thou shalt not kill, is my rule, Honorable Sir—and you?"

It was impudent of the man to ask me that, I knew it, but answered:

"Of course I wish war. Killing's my trade and I wish to practice my trade. Besides, how can I gain promotion—show I'm clever and deserve high place—except through war? Do you suppose I wish to stay always a captain? I was a mere lieutenant when the war commenced—was that good? Even if it was endurable—isn't this better, a captain's place, a captain's pay?"

"And you would kill—kill men—for promotion, for more wages a week?" His eyes bored me through and I shook myself to answer.

"It isn't that—it's the dead monotony of a garrison town, the doing nothing all day but drill-drill-drill—I can't endure it. Why there was not an intelligent man or a pretty woman

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in the whole village where I was stationed; I was bored to death. Anything was better."

"And you would kill men in order to escape boredom?"

"But it's the glory, the clangor, the splendor of the deed. Oh, my God! I'd rather die to the shout of trumpets than live to the snort of snores."

"And you'd kill men for the glory of it?"

"You are saucy tonight, my Josephsohn, but you've done well so I'll forgive you. You know they don't feel—these peasants—they grieve as a beast grieves; howls today, laughter tomorrow. The widows will find other husbands, the mothers seek consolation in the beer-halls, the dead are soon dead."

"Oh, fools and slow of heart," he cried, "to believe all that the soul of man has testified! Place and education make no difference in human pain and human tears." It was a queer speech.

He passed out of the room with an exalted look on his lips; it became him well; for indeed he was a handsome beast with those eyes like mausers, tearing right through you,

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yet dark, pathetic; that aquiline face with its pointed chin, its clustering curls of chestnut. It was always a wonder to me that the fellow, a peasant born from generations of workers on the soil, should have that look of fineness, aristocracy; while I, who have descended from ten generations of barons, am squat and swart, huge-handed, clumsy-footed. We were a real little caricature of beauty-and-the-beast, Josephsohn and I. There was even an element of womanliness in him, though he could be stern and stiff enough. It was the womanliness one sees in many big men, Raphael, Goethe, the face of the young Milton and of —Another.

A few days later on I was obliged to speak roughly to the man. We were riding through the little park outside this same Belgian town, he quietly behind me; when I turned on him.

"Josephsohn," I said sternly, "I have been hearing very unpleasant stories about you. Your sub-lieutenant has complained twice, has even brought the matter to the General, who's ordered a rebuke."

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"Yes, my Captain."

"You have been promulgating those ridiculous principles of yours concerning peace. Now it's all right if you desire to be a crank in private—we'll say nothing; but you can't be a crank in public. Do you understand?"

"I understand," his face was meekly defiant. He had the stubbornness of a saint and there's nothing so stubborn.

"And you will obey?"

He answered with another question: "What do you think about it—is it best to obey men or God?" He looked me quietly in the eye.

"You are a fool," quoth I wrathfully, for I had begun to feel an intense, personal affection for the man, though I still disliked that—something.

He did not answer, his eyes were elsewhere.

We had come to the ragged edge of the park, where it shelved off into the market-gardens of the Belgians, gardens all gone rank with weeds. A little clump of wine-red beeches raised their bullet-haggled forms just this side of the border and under them was a green sward and a couple of iron benches, for

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some reason the whole stays vividly impressed on my brain. It was focused. Beneath the trees a girl was wrestling with seven lads, soldiers of our army. She was a pretty girl in a flaxen-haired, doll-baby sort of way; but her cheeks were painted, her dress grossly immodest, her colors flaring. Everything about her, even the scarlet sunshade she whacked over the solid polls of the men, proclaimed her; she was common, cheap. Why she resisted I could not tell until her shrill voice answered my question. "No—no—no;" she squealed, "you are enemies of my country. No—no—no—!" The men gripped and grabbed her with rough, coarse giggles.

Without waiting for my permission, my orderly was off his mount in a minute. He snatched the head-gearing from his horse and ran towards the woman and her brutes of wooers. Once there he whipped them, thrashed them, whirled that cutting bunch of leather in their faces; the louts withdrew a moment.

"How about peace principles?" roared I, shaking with mirth.

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He did not answer; but one of the men slapped a pistol from his pocket and pointed it straight at Josephsohn.

"Hand over the wench or I'll shoot," he stormed.

Josephsohn struck the weapon from his fist with one swish of the reins. The fellow howled as the leather bit home and then, turning, fled. My orderly, a great, stormy figure, drove them out of the garden.

"What's your name?" I asked of the young woman.

"Maddelena, Monsieur," she answered.

I did not like it; in fact, I squirmed. The coincidence was too strange. But as Josephsohn returned, her face lighted, the blood flushed through the paint; she flung herself at the feet of the orderly, kissing his rough shoes over and over again with passionate scarlet lips, twisting her loosened hair into a brush and wiping the dust off from them as she wept and kissed.

"Here, Josephsohn," I tittered, "you're a saint and she's a sinner. You'd better leave her alone."

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"She'll go and sin no more," he responded gravely.

"Here, Maddelena," I barked, "that fellow's an enemy of your country—leave off smacking his boots."

"He is not," she lifted her eyes and they flashed into mine, "he has no country. He's everybody's brother."

Women are the deuce.

* * * * *

We came to our first engagement at St. Mihiel and met trouble. Five hundred men refused to fire at the enemy. They entered the trenches, accepted their positions, obeyed their officers with machine-like docility until the order came; then they lowered their guns and stood, patient, rather gentle, but determined. They were ordered out of the trenches at nightfall; the battle had not swung visibly our way. The General called a council of his officers.

Into this council crept a man named Jude, a sergeant, the creature who had at first informed on my orderly. He had been raised a notch for that office; but we all disliked him

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for there are spies honorable and spies dishonorable, the glory of the one equalling the shame of the other. He was ready to tell it all.

"Josephsohn has preached peace everywhere," he smirked. "He has told the men that the only way to stop this war is for all soldiers to lay down their arms, says openly that there are proselyters going in and out of the other armies, calling for peace, bidding the men to refuse to fire. He has preached it at the mess, he has preached it on the march, he has talked it in private, he has proclaimed it in public. Even one or two of the officers have visited him at night to hear him talk. He's some talker, Josephsohn."

We ordered the man before us. He came calmly, serenely; but he made no answer to our questions. I tried it, then the Major, then the General; he was hounded around from tent to tent, from officer to officer—still he answered nothing. So we sent for the chaplain of the regiment, Josephsohn was awfully religious. The chaplain berated him—he answered never a word.

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A cry arose among the younger officers, the recent graduates of the military academies, "Shoot him!"

We heard it howled through the night, as the youngsters pressed and wrangled outside of the tent. The General looked at the chaplain.

"It is expedient that one man should die for the army," proclaimed the chaplain.

He was a haggard ascetic, with pallid blue eyes and lips which cut a thin violet line across his face. Never have I seen lips so thin, so colorless. Beloved by the soldiers, he was indefatigable in visiting them, nursing them in sickness, thundering against their sins.

"But Josephsohn has but followed his conscience and that's what you're always telling us to do;" this was an elderly Captain who objected.

"The fellow has sinned against my country. The Fatherland—may she ever be right! But the Fatherland, right or wrong." He faced the Captain, his eyes scintillating with wrath, the blood purpling through those parchment

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cheeks of his. "He has preached against the Lord's Anointed, my Emperor; he would cut the nerve of patriotism; he would drive The Fatherland down upon disgraceful knees before the peoples of the world. The times demand a sacrifice—" he whirled suddenly around and pointed one melodramatic finger at Josephsohn, "here is the sacrifice."

A roar of applause swept in from the darkness outside the tent, a buzz of approval hissed around the circle of the officers.

I sighed. Josephsohn must be shot, shot before the whole army.

They brought him out just as day broke over the desolated land of France. The regiments followed in stiff parade. At the edge of the town a long road slipped over the plain to Brussels, a road that gloomed with the wreck of war. Its prim line of Lombardy poplars had been mowed by bullets or hacked down by the unskilled hands of soldiers, their towseled heads, covered with brown and withered leaves, bulged out on either side of the stumps; here and there was a wayside cross. Most of these were beaten down or

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splintered; but one still stood, a mile from the city, built of black iron, grim in the flush of morning light. It was a crucifix, fitted for a life-size figure; but the Jesus had been shot away. Apparently no relics of the image remained save that on the cross were still the nails and the crown of thorns. This crown was metal-made and had been painted a dismal brown; it stuck out badly into the air.

There were tens of thousands marching four-abreast along the highway which rose and fell in languorous curves, so that looking back it seemed to me as if some monstrous drab anaconda—the General and his staff making the glittering head with their parade uniforms—was nosing over the fields in search of prey. Behind the officers came one company of soldiers, then a band of rude Bohemian peasants, men who had never come under the influence of the prisoner and, as Catholics, were opposed to his strong Protestant spirit; Josephsohn, though of Jewish parentage, was a Lutheran, a modified Lutheran for he held Quaker principles. The peasants dragged

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him on, his hands bound behind his back, his face flung up to the morning, his lips moving in silent prayer.

At the cross we stopped.

"Josephsohn," proclaimed the General, "if you are willing now to confess your fault before the army, to bid these men follow their country's flag into the last ditch, you can be forgiven. Are you ready?"

He answered never a word.

"Do you not know that I have power to loose you and power to kill you?" asked the General gruffly. A low murmur swept through the thousands of men assembled around the rude cross, their guns rattled on their shoulders, their lips muttered rebelliously. It is better to get it over, I thought, and touched the General softly with my gloved hand.

"They won't dare do a thing," sneered Sievald in my ear. "Discipline's too good in our army." His little dry face puckered in unconcern.

My orderly stepped to the summit of the mound on which the cross stood. He lifted his hands to speak to the soldiers. At once

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the under-officers took up their cry, "Shoot him down! Shoot him down!" It screamed up to the sudden glory of the rising sun.

Through it, above it, beneath it, thundered a solemn bass, a bass so strangely musical that it made itself heard through all that clamor, that it reached the rim of that vast circumference. "Thou shalt not kill!" thundered the bass, and we all knew that Josephsohn spoke. The under-officers bawled on and on; but the voice spoke only three times.

At the top of the hillock the executioners bound him to the arms of the cross. He was just the height of the figure shot away, apparently, for the crown of thorns fitted down upon his forehead. The men stripped down his shirt once more; so that he stood, bare-breasted, thorn-crowned, his arms stretched out and tethered at the wrists to nails, that long white cloth flowing down below his waist, his face lifted towards the sky. His dark red hair caught the rising sun and glistened, it threw an aureole around his face.

"Oh, my God!" cried the General. "He looks——"

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The General did not finish and we none of us replied; we all knew Whom he resembled, knew only too well.

The dull Bohemians took their place, six of them, and lifted their rifles. It was my duty to give the order, but the General excused me.

"One," counted Sievald; he minced it out.

"Two," his dry voice cracked with doom.

"Three—fire!"

Out from the cloud of smoke, for the guns primed with some ancient powder vomited smoke by the storm-full, cried a great voice: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

I stood shivering.

Suddenly I was aware of the clack of arms, a clack which grew and grew, mounted and mounted; it filled the air. Officers yelled. The General stormed and entreated. Swords flashed. Once—twice—thrice—a pistol barked. But silently, stubbornly, their faces lifted towards the day, the soldiers swept up to the form drooping on the cross at the top of the mount. They were young, blonde, coarse-featured lads, animal, almost brutish

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in their forms, unshaven, sunburned, caked with mud and slush, clad in dull gray; but in their eyes burnt the fierce light of sacrifice. It was more than sacrifice, it was bigotry. Never before had I realized how young they were. By the file—by the company—by the regiment—by the thousands, they swept on and up. As they passed each man threw his rifle and cartridge-belt at the feet of the dead orderly. The pile grew swiftly. It covered the hill, inundated the cross, hid the body—still up they marched and down they stumbled, each man hurling his weapons into the pile. At last one Captain at my side, an elderly man, the officer who had come to Josephsohn at night, sighed deeply, gazed around among us for a moment, mounted the hill and dropped his unsheathed sword upon the heap. No other officer followed.

The General was stupefied, the Majors were deadened with horror, even Sievald had not a word to say; but on and on came the regiments, the ring and clang of their flung arms wailing through the day.

I have nothing else to add. Everybody

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knows the peace to which we were forced to submit, the generosity of the Allies when they realized the facts. But there was one strange thing. When soldiers took up the body of Josephsohn for the burial—it wasn't a corpse. I can't explain exactly what I mean—but it was a shell—a mask—a thing somebody had lived in; it wasn't the remains of a dead man. It's feet were pierced with one bullet, each hand with a bullet, and in the side was a gory gash. The iron crown of thorns, too, had left scars across the forehead.

As we carried Josephsohn down from the mount into the glory of the sunset, the guns of both armies were stilled, the white flag of peace floated everywhere and dazzled in the scarlet light; for the Generals conferred together in a space between the trenches. And soldiers by thousands, tens of thousands, knelt in the slosh of the half-melted snow, praying before The Iron Cross.

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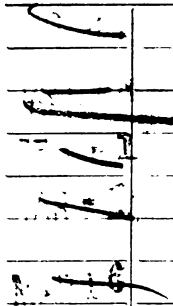

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